

# MEN'S BUSINESS

BY  
HAROLD LOUKES

REVISED EDITION

UTTAR CHAND KAPUR & SONS  
DELHI, AMBALA, AGRA, NAGPUR & JAIPUR

*Price 2/12/-*

1953

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MEN'S BUSINESS

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HAROLD LOUKES

**Checked**



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## PREFACE

The original scope of this collection has been modified by difficulties of copyright, but it can still claim to give material for the study of English as a modern language and as a vehicle of thought, and of the essay as a literary form. The peculiar conditions of an Indian University render impossible an adequate literary examination of the essay except by the specialist, but there is no reason why the general student should not read such things as 'Old China' and 'On Going a Journey' at the same time as he learns to extract the argument of a piece of closely written reasoning. It is towards giving this stimulus to appreciation in addition to mere understanding that the Introduction is directed.

The notes attempt only to explain references beyond the scope of a good English dictionary.

Acknowledgements are due to:

Messrs. Chatto and Windus for permission to reproduce Professor Haldane's essay, 'Man's Destiny'; and James B. Pinker and Son, Professor Huxley's agents, for the broadcast address, 'Science and Religion'.

*Delhi, August, 1935.*

H. LOUKES.



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## ON ESSAYS

The time has come, the walrus said,  
To talk of many things :  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—  
And cabbages and kings;  
And why the sea is boiling hot,  
And whether pigs have wings.

And that, to put it briefly, is what essays are about—‘many things’. Anything will do for a subject provided, in the words of Bacon, that it comes home to men’s business and bosoms. There are few things more difficult to describe than an essay. Provided that the value of legs, whiskers, a tail, and fur are generally understood, quite a tolerable account of a cat can be given to people who have never seen one. Describing a house is as easy as falling off a roof: but to define an essay—that is as impossible as to define a human face. Like a face, it can be described as funny, or solemn, or long, or learned, or insane, or dull: but none of this helps the uninitiated to imagine the face or the essay without looking for himself. The only thing to do, both for faces and for essays, is to compare them with something else. An approximate notion of a face can be given by saying that the nose under discussion is like the nose of Mr. So-and-so, while the double-chin is the same shape (but not so big) as the dewlap of the cow in Mr. What’s-’is-name’s field, and so on. This method is rough-and-ready, but the best there is. Attempting the same sort of thing or the essay, we should say that an essay was a letter from the author to his readers, without the conventions of a letter (the date and address and ‘your affectionate

nephew') but preserving all the wide scope and formlessness of a letter, all its freedom of style, its discursiveness, its note of personal intimacy.

That, then, is why the subject-matter of essays is so varied, and why it is so difficult to describe its form. All we know about letters, as a class of writings, is that somebody has something to say to somebody else. This is actually true even of those countless letters we all write beginning 'I have nothing to say,' for that very sentence is something positive. The other person knows a great deal more about us after receiving a letter like that than he did before: he knows we are not dead, or ill; and that nothing of great importance has happened, either for good or ill, since he last had news of us. The first necessity then is for a writer, and a reader, something to write and read. So far the demands of letters and essays are identical.

There comes a slight difference when we come to the link between the writer and the reader, for though a letter can presuppose a personal contact of some sort, the essay is intended for people who know nothing of the writer. Writing a letter is therefore easier; for the writer can assume that however badly he writes, his effort will arouse some interest. When I receive a letter from my Bank manager, I open it with mixed feelings, but always with the keenest curiosity. And though I know beforehand that it will be couched in language I heartily deplore, I invariably pay the closest attention to every phrase and figure. Now the essayist can count on no such lively interest. His work will be picked up in some idle moment, and unless the title indicates that the contents will reward the effort of reading, the essay will fail in its object. And the title is not enough. If the

idler is led to begin an essay on 'Adventures of the Mind' in the hope of finding exciting stories, and instead finds a dull treatise on new developments in psychological research, he will not persist beyond the first paragraph.

This is the capital difficulty of essay-writing : to arouse interest sufficient to hold the attention of the general reader until the 'somebody' has said the 'something' he sets out to say. Whereas the letter-writer can assume an interest in anything to do with himself, or at least knows exactly what subjects *will* arouse interest (as my Bank-manager does), the essay writer can assume only a certain mild curiosity about matters of common importance to all men. So although this book contains no essays on anybody's bank balance, it does include a discussion of the relations between Science and Religion, an Apology for Idlers (a title that fills almost all of us with pleasurable anticipation of finding, at last, a justification for the major part of our existence) and the destiny of man. •

Having made clear this difference between letters and essays we must proceed to qualify it. The essayist cannot assume a *particular* interest in himself, his affair; but he can appeal to the curiosity we all betray in the doings of our own kind. Anything in the nature of personal confession from the statements of film stars about how they keep slim to the self-revelation of Pepys, can count on widespread interest. This is the essential element in the essay, which differentiates it from the lecture or the thesis, or any other kind of prose argument. It is for this reason that the essay has been described as a 'lyric in prose': a lyric is a poem of personal emotion, and the essay is the same thing with the emotional content lower, as befits prose composition.

The subject-matter of the essay, then, moves between two poles, the private concern and the universal appeal. It is the extent to which the writer reconciles these two tendencies that the essay is of value. In the business of reconciliation the style and form play a great part. Few people are anxious to waste time reading the praise of chimney sweepers unless that praise is written in so entertaining a fashion that it is a reward in itself. And Hazlitt offers little help to people planning a journey, so, but for the style, his essay would be of little value. Essays like these come home to men's bosoms because they are written well.

It is very different with essay of argument. Take Professor Huxley's remarks on Science and Religion. Art and Religion are of interest to all men in one way or another. And the remarks of a great poet or thinker must always be read with attention, even if the language in which they are couched is not as lively as that of Lamb. In an argumentative essay there is a goal to be reached : in a discursive essay, the goal does not really matter. The former is like a railway journey, where a deviation from the path is a catastrophe: the latter like a walk in a pleasant country, where the enjoyment lies in wandering up any avenue that seems tempting. And just as when recording one's impressions of a journey or a walk, one must judge according to the purpose in view, so when criticizing essays, these different aims must be borne in mind.

The two tests, corresponding to the two essential elements we have already discussed, are interest and sincerity. If the essay does not interest us at all, it is probably poor. The fault may lie in us, and that is why school-

boys are made to study things they find dull, so that a love of good literature may be fostered in them. But in general, and particularly in the appreciation of essays, where there are no difficulties of literary form, the amount of spontaneous enjoyment they give is the first test. Enjoyment does not mean mere amusement, and particularly in the essays in this book there must be hard thought on the part of the reader if he is to appreciate the writing fully.

Then secondly, essays must be sincere. Some of these essays touch on the profoundest matters of human life: and to do that without sincerity is to steer straight for failure. Something of the personal note, some varying degree of self-confession, can be found in all the essays of this collection.

So in the end, if an essay is to come home to men's business and bosoms, it must itself spring from man's bosom. It may be on anything—

Shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—

And cabbages and kings—

So long as it be on something of meaning in the life of man.



*THE BUSINESS  
OF LIVING*



## ‘WITH BRAINS, SIR’

JOHN BROWN

‘Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with ?’ said a brisk dilettante student to the great painter. ‘With *Brains*, Sir,’ was the gruff reply and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information ; it did not expound the principles and rule of the art ; but, if the enquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him ; it would set him a-going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colours and their mixture, the better. Many other artists when asked such a question, would have either set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colours, in such and such proportions, rubbed up so and so ; or perhaps they would (and so much the better, but not the best) have shown him how they laid them on ; but this would leave him at the critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter : ‘With *Brains*, Sir.’

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye. ‘Capital composition : correct drawing ; the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent ; but—but—it wants, hang it, it wants—*That* !’ snapping his fingers ; and, wanting ‘that,’ though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of aesthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, 'How should I do this, Sir?' 'Suppose you try.' Another, 'What does this mean Mr. Etty?' 'Suppose you look'. 'But I have looked.' 'Suppose you look again.' And they did try and they did look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the how or the what (supposing this possible, which it is not in its full and highest meaning) been told them, or, done for them; in the one case, sight and action were immediate, exact, intense and secure; in the other mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. But what are 'Brains'? what did Opie mean? and what is Sir Joshua's 'That'? What is included in it? and what is the use, or the need of trying and trying, of missing often before you hit, when you can be told at once and be done with it; or of looking when you may be shown? Everything in medicine and in painting—practical arts—as means to ends, let their scientific enlargement be ever so rapid and immense, depends upon the right answers to these questions.

First of all, 'brains' in the painter, are not diligence, knowledge, skill, sensibility, a strong will, or a high aim—he may have all these, and never paint anything so truly good or effective as the rugged wood-cut we must all remember, of Apollyon bestriding the whole breadth of the way, and Christian girding at him like a man, in the old six-penny *Pilgrim's Progress*; and a young medical student may have zeal, knowledge,

ingenuity, attention, a good eye and a steady hand—he may be an accomplished anatomist, stethoscopist, histologist, and analyst; and yet, with all this, and all the lectures, and all the books, and all the sayings, and all the preparations, drawings, tables, and other helps of his teachers, crowded into his memory or his note-books, he may be beaten in treating a whitlow or a colic, by the nurse in the wards where he was clerk, or by the old country doctor who brought him into the world, and who listens with such humble wonder to his young friend's account, on his coming home after each session, of all he had seen and done,—of all the last astonishing discoveries and operations of the day. What the painter wants, in addition to, and as the complement of, the other elements, is *genius* and *sense*; what the doctor needs to crown and give worth and safety to his accomplishment is *sense* and *genius*; in the first case, more of this than of that; in the second more of that, than of this. These are '*Brains*' and the '*That*'.

And what is genius? and what is sense? Genius is a peculiar native aptitude or tendency to any one calling or pursuit over all others. A man may have a genius for governing, for killing, or for curing the greatest number of men, and in the best possible manner: a man may have a genius for the fiddle, or his mission may be for the tight-rope, or the Jew's harp; or it may be a natural turn for seeking, and finding and teaching truth, and for doing the greatest possible good to mankind; or it may be a turn equally natural for seeking, and finding, and teaching a lie, and doing the maximum of mischief. It was as natural, as inevitable, for Wilkie to develop himself into a painter, and such a painter as we know him to have been, as it is for an acorn when

planted to grow up into an oak, a specific *quercus robur*. But genius, and nothing else, is not enough, even for a painter: he must likewise have *sense*, and what is sense? Sense drives, or ought to drive the coach; sense regulates, combines, restrains, commands, all the rest—even the genius; and sense implies exactness and soundness, power and promptitude of mind.

Then for the young doctor, he must have as his main, his master faculty, sense—Brains—*nous*, justness of mind, because his subject matter is one in which principle works rather than impulse, as in painting; the understanding has first to do with it, however much it is worthy of the full exercise of the feelings, and the affections. But all will not do, if GENIUS be not there,—a real turn for the profession. It may not be a liking for it—some of the best of its practitioners never really liked it, at least liked other things better; but there must be a fitness of faculty of body and mind for its full, constant exact pursuit. We might, to pursue the subject, pick out painters who had much genius and little or no sense, and *vice versa*; and physicians and surgeons, who had sense and no genius, and genius without sense, and some perhaps who had neither, and yet were noticeable, and, in their own sideways, useful to men.

But our great object will be gained if we have given our young readers (and these remarks have been addressed exclusively to students) any idea of what we mean, if we have made them think, and look inwards. The noble and sacred science you have entered on is large, difficult, and deep, beyond most others; it is every day becoming larger, deeper and in many senses more difficult, more complicated and involved. It requires more than the average intellect, energy, attention, patience,

and courage, and that singular but imperial quality, at once a gift and an acquirement, *presence of mind*—than almost any other department of human thought and action, except perhaps that of ruling men. Therefore it is, that we hold it to be of paramount importance that the parents, teachers, and friends of youths intended for medicine, and above all, that those who examine them on their entering on their studies, should at least satisfy themselves as far as they can, that they are not below *par* in intelligence; they may be deficient and unapt, *qua medici*, and yet, if taken in time, may make excellent useful men in other useful and honourable callings.

But suppose we have got the requisite amount and specific kind of capacity, how are we to fill it with its means; how are we to make it effectual for its end? On this point we say nothing except that the fear now-a-days is rather that the mind gets too much of too many things, than too little or too few. But this means of turning knowledge to action, making it what Bacon meant when he said it was power, invigorating the thinking substance-giving tone, and you may call it muscle and nerve, blood and bone, to the mind—a firm grip, and a keen and sure eye: *that* we think, is far too little considered or cared for at present, as if the mere act of filling in everything for ever into a poor lad's brain, would give him the ability to make anything of it, and above all, the power to appropriate the small proportions of true nutriment, and reject the dregs.

One comfort we have, that in the main, and in the last resort, there is really very little that *can* be done for any man by another. Begin with the sense and the genius—the keen appetite and the good digestion—and, amid all obstacles and hard-ships, the work goes on

merrily and well; without these, we all know what a laborious affair, and a dismal, it is to make an incapable youth apply. Did you ever set yourselves to keep up artificial respiration, or to trudge about for a whole night with a narcotized victim of opium, or transfuse blood, (your own perhaps) into a poor, fainting exanimate wretch? If so you will have some idea of the heartless attempt, and its generally vain and miserable result, to make a dull student apprehend—a debauched, interested, knowing or active in anything beyond the base of his brain—a weak, etiolated intellect hearty, and worth anything; and yet how many such are dragged through their weary *curricula*, and by some miraculous process of cramming, and equally miraculous power of turning their insides out, get through their examinations: and then—what then? Providentially, in most cases, they find their level; the broad daylight of the world—its shrewd and keen eye, its strong instinct of what can, and what cannot serve its purpose—puts all except the poor object himself to rights; happy is it for him if he turns to some new and more congenial pursuit in time.

But it may be asked, how are the brains to be strengthened, the sense quickened, the genius awakened, the affections raised—the whole man turned to the best account for the cure of his fellow men? How are you, when physics and physiology are increasing so marvelously, and when the burden of knowledge, the quantity of transferable information, of registered facts, of current names—and such names! is so infinite: how are you to enable a student to take it all in, to bear up under all; and use it as not abusing it, or being abused by it? You must invigorate the containing and sustaining mind, you must

strengthen him from within, as well as fill him from without; you must discipline, nourish, edify, relieve, and refresh his entire nature; and how? We have no time to go at large into this, but we will indicate what we mean:—encourage languages, especially French and German, at the early part of their studies; encourage not merely book knowledge, but the personal pursuit of natural history, of field botany, of geology, of zoology; give the young fresh unforgetting eye, exercise and free scope upon the infinite diversity and combination of natural colours, forms, substances, surfaces, weights, and sizes—everything, in a word, that will educate their eye or ear, their touch, taste and smell, their sense of muscular resistance; encourage them by prizes to make skeletons, preparations and collections of any natural objects; and above all try and get hold of their affections, and make them put their hearts into their work. Let them, if possible, have the advantage of a regulated tutorial as well as the ordinary professional system. Let there be no excess in the number of classes and the frequency of lectures. Let them be drilled in composition; by this we mean the writing and spelling of correct, plain English (a matter of not every-day occurrence and not on the increase), let them be directed to the best book of the old masters in medicine, and *examined in them*, let them be encouraged in the use of a wholesome and manly literature. We do not mean popular, or even modern literature, such as Emerson, Bulwer, or Alison, or the trash of the inferior periodicals or novels—fashion, vanity, and the spirit of the age, will attract them readily enough to all these; we refer to the treasure of our elder and better authors. If our young medical student would take our advice, and for an hour

or two twice a week take up a volume of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Montaigne, Addison, Defoe, Goldsmith, Fielding, Scott, Charles Lamb, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sydney, Smith, Helps, Thackeray, &c., not to mention authors on deeper or more sacred subjects—they would have happier and healthier minds, and make none the worse doctors. If they, by good fortune—for the tide has set in strong against the *literae humaniores*—have come off with some Greek or Latin, we would supplicate for an ode of Horace, a couple of pages of Cicero, or of Pliny once a month, and a page of Xenophon. French and German should be mastered either before or during the first years of study. They will never afterwards be acquired so easily or so thoroughly, and the want of them may be bitterly felt when too late.

But one main help, we are persuaded, is to be found in studying, and by this we do not mean mere reading, but the digging into and through, the energizing upon, and mastering such books. We would recommend these books as a sort of game to the mind, a mental exercise—like cricket, a gymnastic, a clearing of the eyes of their mind as with a euphrasy, a strengthening their power over particulars, a getting fresh, strong views of worn out, old things and above all, a learning the right use of their reason, and by knowing their own ignorance and weakness, finding true knowledge and strength. Exertion quickens your pulse, expands your pulse, expands your lungs, makes your blood warmer and redder, fills your mouth with the pure waters of relish, strengthens and supple your legs; and though on your way to the top you may

encounter rocks, and baffling *debris*, and gusts of fierce winds rushing out upon you from behind corners, just as you will find in all truly serious and honest books difficulties and puzzles, winds of doctrine, and deceitful mists; still you are rewarded at the wide view. You see as from a tower the end of all. You look into the perfections and relations of things. You see the clouds, the bright lights, and the everlasting hills on the far horizon. You come down the hill a happier, a better, and a hungrier man, and of a better mind. But as we said, you must eat the book, you must crush it, and cut it with your teeth and swallow it; just as you must walk up and not be carried up the hill, much less imagine you are there, or look upon the picture of what you would see were you up, however accurately or artistically done; no—you yourself must *do* both.

Philosophy—the love and possession of wisdom is divided into two things, science or knowledge ; and a habit or power of mind. He who has got the first is not truly wise unless his mind has reduced and assimilated it, unless he appropriates and can use it for his need.

The prime qualifications of a physician may be summed up in the words *Capax*, *Perspicax*, *Sagax*, *Efficax*, *Capax*—there must be room to receive, and arrange and keep knowledge ; *Perspicax*—senses and perceptions, keen, accurate, and immediate, to bring in materials from all sensible things; *Sagax*—a central power of knowing what is what, and what is worth of choosing and rejecting, of judging ; and finally, *Efficax*—the will and the way—the power to turn all the other three—capacity, perspicacity, sagacity, to account in the performance of the thing in

hand, and thus rendering back to the outer world, in a new and useful form, what you have received from it. These are the intellectual qualities which make up the physician, without any one of which he would be *mancus*, and would not deserve the name of a complete artsman, any more than protein would be itself if any one of its four elements were missing.



## *THE VALUE OF WEALTH*

John Ruskin

Suppose two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labour for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily and in amity with each other, they might build themselves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property; and supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have the right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field, and live by it. Suppose that after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time—say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, 'I will do this additional work for you ; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and

you shall give me a written promise to work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help and you are able to give it.'

Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's order for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work ?

Considered as a 'Polis' or state they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise : poorer by the withdrawal of what the sickman's labour would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but in the end his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them : and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labour for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be in consequence for sometime dependent on the other for food, which he can only 'pay' or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labour.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures), the person who had hitherto worked for both might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his com-

panion to redeem all the engagements he had already entered into, but exacting from him pledges for further labour, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement ; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich ; the other commercially Poor. He would see, perhaps, with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness ; the other labouring for both, and living sparely, in the hope of recovering his independence at some distant period.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to the Mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might from the first have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn for present ease ; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbour for food and help, pledging his future labour for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labour, signifies a political diminution of the real wealth which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate, in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast : each estate furnishing a distant kind of produce,

and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other ; on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be obtained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the landowners is possible, except through the travelling agent ; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce : it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself and maintain the farmer proprietors thenceforward as his labourers or servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest principles of modern political economy. But more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists

have been cramped to the utmost ; and the continual limitation of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labour ; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in any wise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities : or, on the other hand, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane. Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain ; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance.



## THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

CHARLES LAMB

I like to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washing not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindred yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses.

I reverence these young Africans of our growth, these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation!—to see a chit no bigger than oneself, enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades; to shudder with the idea that now, surely, he must be lost for ever!—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered 'daylight—and then (O fullness of delight !) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished

weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel ! I seem to remember having been told a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to show which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth where the Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in the early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one, he avers, in London) for the vending of this wholesome and pleasant beverage, on the south side of Fleet Street—the only Salopian house—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegancies, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a

young chimney sweeper,—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) Lamb the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time, when, in summer, between the expired and not yet relumined kitchen fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wishing to dissipate his o'ernight vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungentle fume, as he passeth; but the

artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is saloop—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and oh ! I fear too often the envy of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieniced soups—nor the odious cry quick-reaching from street to street, of the fired chimney, invite rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket !

I am by nature exteremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace, the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip or splashed stocking of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the joculariry of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness. In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walked westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant, I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the

exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out of the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?)—there he stood irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels ; but, methinks, they should take leave to 'air' them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet I must confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticesments of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds

of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in those young grafts, (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions ; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact ; the tales of fairy spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds of Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets interwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus Lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and tired with his tedious explorations, unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he saw there exhibited; so creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow and slept.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I cannot help seeming to preceive a confirmation of what I had just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great

power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him; prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting-place. By no other theory than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it) can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender but unreasonable sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of S. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quoted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of

that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary arbours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. James White as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with a trusty companion, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing half-cursing 'the gentleman', and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O, it was a pleasure to see the sable youngster lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it 'must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating'—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer,

and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—‘The King’—‘the Cloth’—which whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;— and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, ‘May the Brush supersede the Laurel!’ All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a ‘Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so’, which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be too squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and missing him, reproach the altered feast at S. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.



*THE BUSINESS  
OF THOUGHT*



## *LORD CANTILUPE'S POLITICAL FAITH*

LOWES DICKINSON

‘Why I went into politics ? Why did I? I’m sure I don’t know. Certainly I wasn’t intended for it. I was intended for a country gentleman, and I hope for the rest of my life to be one; which, perhaps, if I were candid, is the real reason of my retirement. But I was pushed into politics when I was young, as a kind of family duty; and once in, it’s very hard to get out again. I’m coming out now because, among other things, there’s no longer any place for me. Toryism is dead. And I, as you justly describe me, am a Tory. But you want to know why ? Well, I don’t know that I can tell you. Perhaps I ought to be able to. Remenham, I know, will give you the clearest possible account of why he is a Liberal. But then Remenham has principles; and I have only prejudices. I am a Tory because I was born one, just as another man is a Radical because he was born one. But Remenham, I believe, is a Liberal, because he has convinced himself that he ought to be one. I admire him for it, but I am quite unable to understand him. And, for my part, if I am to defend, or rather to explain myself, I can only do so by explaining my prejudices. And really I am glad to have the opportunity of doing so, if only because it is a satisfaction occasionally to say what one thinks; a thing which has become impossible in public life.

‘The first of my prejudices is that I believe in ineq-

uality. I'm not at all sure that that is a prejudice confined to myself—most people seem to act upon it in practice, even in America. But I not only recognize the fact, I approve the ideal of inequality. I don't want, myself, to be the equal of Darwin or of the German Emperor; and I don't see why anybody should want to be my equal. I like a society properly ordered in ranks and classes. I like my butcher to take off his hat to me, and I like, myself, to stand bareheaded in the presence of the Queen. I don't know that I'm better or worse than the village carpenter; but I'm different; and I like him to recognize that fact, and to recognize it myself. In America, I am told, every one is always informing you, in everything they do and say, directly, or indirectly, that they are as good as you are. That isn't true, and if it were, it isn't good manners to keep saying it. I prefer a society where people have places and know them. They always do have places in any possible society; only, in a democratic society, they refuse to recognize them; and, consequently social relations are much ruder, more unpleasant, and less humane than they are or used to be, in England. That is my first prejudice; and it follows, of course, that I hate the whole democratic movement. I see no sense in pretending to make people equal politically when they're unequal in every other respect. Do what you may, it will always be a few people that will govern. And the only real result of the extension of the franchise has been to transfer political power from the landlords to the trading classes and the wire-pullers. Well, I don't think the change is a good one. And that brings me to my second prejudice, a prejudice against trade. I don't mean, of course, that we can

do without it. A country must have wealth, though I think we were a much better country when we had less than we have now. Nor do I dispute that there are to be found excellent, honourable, and capable men of business. But I believe that the pursuit of wealth tends to unfit men for the service of the state. And I sympathize with the somewhat extreme view of the ancient world that those who are engaged in trade ought to be excluded from public functions. I believe in government by gentlemen; and the word gentleman I understand in the proper, old-fashioned English sense, as a man of independent means, brought up from his boyhood in the atmosphere of public life, and destined either for the army, the navy, the Church, or Parliament. It was that kind of man that made Rome great, and that made England great in the past; and I don't believe that a country will ever be great which is governed by merchants and shopkeepers and artisans. Not because they are not, or may not be, estimable people; but because their occupations and manner of life unfit them for public service.

'Well, that is the kind of feeling—I won't call it a principle—which determined my conduct in public life. And you will remember that it seemed to be far more possible to give expression to it when first I entered politics than it is now. Even after the first Reform Act—which, in my opinion, was conceived upon the wrong lines—the landed gentry still governed England; and if I could have had my way they would have continued to do so. It wasn't really parliamentary reform that was wanted; it was better and more intelligent government. And such

government, the then ruling class, was capable of supplying, as is shown by the series of measures passed in the 'thirties' and 'forties' the new Poor Law and the Public Health Acts and the rest. Even the repeal of the Corn Laws shows at least how capable they were of sacrificing their own interests to the nation ; though otherwise I consider that measure the greatest of their blunders. I don't profess to be a political economist, and I am ready to take it from those whose business it is to know that our wealth has been increased by Free Trade. But no one has ever convinced me, though many people have tried, that the increase of wealth ought to be the sole object of a nation's policy. And it is surely as clear as day that the policy of Free Trade has dislocated the whole structure of our society. It has substituted a miserable city-proletariat for healthy labourers on the soil : it has transferred the great bulk of wealth from the country-gentlemen to the traders ; and in so doing it has more and more transferred power from those who had the tradition of using it to those who have no tradition at all except that of accumulation. The very thing which I should have thought must be the main business of a statesman—the determination of the proper relations of classes to one another—we have handed over to the chances of competition. We have abandoned the problem in despair, instead of attempting to solve it ; with the result, that our population—so it seems to me—is daily degenerating before our eyes, in physique, in morals, in taste, in everything that matters ; while we console ourselves with the increasing aggregate of our wealth. Free Trade, in my opinion, was the first great betrayal by the governing class of the country and themselves,

and the second was the extension of the franchise. I do not say that I would not have made any change at all in the parliamentary system that had been handed down to us. But I would never have admitted, even implicitly, that every man has a right to vote, still less that all have an equal right. For society, say what we may, is not composed of individuals, but of classes; and by classes it ought to be represented. I would have enfranchised peasants, artisans, merchants, manufacturers, as such, taking as my unit the interest, not the individual, and assigning to each so much weight as would enable its influence to be felt, while preserving to the landed gentry their preponderance. That would have been difficult, no doubt, but it would have been worth doing; whereas it was, to my mind, as foolish as it was easy simply to add new batches of electors, till we shall arrive, I do not doubt, at what, in effect, is universal suffrage, without having ever admitted to ourselves that we wanted to have it.

But what has been done is final and irremediable. Henceforth, numbers, or rather those who control numbers, will dominate England; and they will not be the men under whom hitherto she has grown great. For people like myself there is no longer a place in politics. And I am rather glad to know it. Those who have got us into the mess, must get us out of it. Probably they will do so in their own way; but they will make, in the process, a very different England from the one I have known and understood and loved. We shall have a population of city people better fed and housed, I hope, than they are now, clever and quick and smart, living entirely by their heads, ready to turn out in a moment for use everything they know, but knowing really very little, and not knowing

it very well. There will be fewer of the kind of people in whom I take pleasure, whom I like to regard as peculiarly English, and who are the products of the country-side; fellows who grow like vegetables, and, without knowing how, put on sense as they put on flesh; by an unconscious process of assimilation; who will stand for an hour at a time watching a horse or a pig, with stolid moon-faces as motionless as a pond: the sort of men that visitors from town imagine to be stupid because they take five minutes to answer a question and then probably answer by asking another; but who have stored up in them a wealth of experience far too extensive and complicated for them ever to have taken account of it. They live by their instincts, not their brains; but their instincts are the slow deposit of long years of practical dealing with Nature. That is the kind of man I like. And I like to live among them in the way I do—in a traditional relation which it never occurs to them to resent, any more than it does me to abuse it. That sort of relation you can't create; it has to grow, and to be handed down from father to son. The new men who come on the land never manage to establish it. They bring with them the isolation which is the product of cities. They have no idea of any tie except that of wages; the notion of neighbourliness they do not understand. And that reminds me of a curious thing. People go to town for society; but I have always found that there is no real society except in the country. We may be stupid there, but we belong to a scheme of things which embodies the wisdom of generations. We meet not in drawing-rooms, but in the hunting-field, on the country-bench, at dinners of tenants or farmers' associations. Our private business is intermixed with our public. Our occupation

does not involve competition; and the daily performance of its duties we feel to be in itself a kind of national service. That is an order of things which I understand and admire, as my fathers understood and admired it before me. And that is why I am a Tory; not because of any opinions I hold, but because that is my character. I stood for Toryism while it meant something; and now that it means nothing, though I stand for it no longer, still I can't help being it. The England that is will last my time; the England that is to be does not interest me; and it is as well that I should have nothing to do with directing it.

'I don't know whether that is sufficient account of the question I was told to answer; but it's the best I can make, and I think it ought to suffice. I always imagine myself saying to God, if He asks me to give an account of myself, "Here I am, as you made me. You can take me or leave me. If I had to live again I would live just so. And if you want me to live differently, you must make me different." I have championed a losing cause, and I am sorry it has lost. But I do not break my heart over it. I can still live for the rest of my days the life I respect and enjoy.' And I am content to leave the nation in the hands of Remenham, who, as I see, is all impatience to reply to my heresies.'



## *MAN'S DESTINY*

J. B. S. HALDANE

If, as I am inclined to suspect, the human will is to some extent free, there is no such thing as a destiny of the human race. There is a choice of destinies. Even if our actions are irrevocably predetermined, we do not know our destiny. In either case, however, we can point to a limited number of probable fates for our species.

First let us consider the stage for our drama. The earth has existed for over a thousand million years.

During most of this period its surface temperature has not been very different from that now prevailing. The sun has not cooled down appreciably during that time, and it will probably be only a little cooler a million million years hence, though somewhere about that time it is quite likely that the earth's surface will be destroyed owing to the disruption of the moon by tidal forces.

Six hundred million years ago our ancestors were worms, ten thousand years ago they were savages. Both these periods are negligible compared with our possible future. Provided, therefore, that man has a future lasting for more than a few million years, we can at once say that our descendants may, for

anything we can see to the contrary, excel us a great deal more than we excel worms or jellyfish.

There are, however, special alternatives to this prospect. A catastrophe of an astronomical order, such as a collision with a stray heavenly body, is unlikely. The earth has lasted a long time without any such disasters. The sun may possibly swell up temporarily, as similar stars occasionally do. In this case the human race will be very rapidly roasted. A disease may arise which will wipe out all or almost all mankind. But there is nothing in science to make such up-to-date versions of the Apocalypse very probable.

Even if man does not perish in this dramatic manner, there is no reason why civilization should not do so. All civilization apparently goes back to a common source less than ten thousand years ago, possibly in Egypt. It is a highly complicated invention which has probably been made only once. If it perished it might never be made again.

When in the past its light was extinguished in one area—for example, when the Angles and Saxons wrecked Roman Britain—it could be lit again from elsewhere, as our savage ancestors were civilized from Italy and Ireland.

A modern war followed by revolutions might destroy all over the planet. If weapons are as much improved in the next century as in the last, this will probably happen. But unless atomic energy can be tapped, which is wildly unlikely, we know that it will never be possible to box up very much more rapidly available energy in a given place than we can

already box up in a high explosive shell, nor has any vapour much more poisonous than 'mustard gas' been discovered in the forty-one years that have elapsed since that substance was first produced. I think, therefore, that the odds are slightly against such a catastrophic end of civilization.

But civilization, as we know, is a poor thing. And if it is to be improved there is no hope save in science. A hundred and forty years ago, men, women and children were hanged in England for stealing any property valued at over a shilling, miners were hereditary slaves in Scotland, criminals were publicly and legally tortured to death in France. Europe was definitely rather worse off, whether in health, wealth or morals, than the Roman Empire under Antoninus Pius in A. D. 150.

Since then we have improved very greatly in all these respects. We are far from perfect, but we live about twice as long, and we do not hang starving children for stealing food, raid the coast of Africa for slaves, or imprison debtors for life. These advances are the direct and indirect consequences of science. Physics and chemistry have made us rich, biology healthy, and the application of scientific thought to ethics by such men as Bentham has done more than any dozen saints to make us good. The process can only continue if science continues.

And pure science is a delicate plant. It has never flowered in Spain, and to-day it is almost dead in Italy. Everywhere there are strong forces working against it. Even where research is rewarded, the usual reward is a professorship with a full-time programme of teaching and administration. The bacteriologist can most easily earn a title and a fortune if he deserts research for

medical practice. The potential physicist or chemist can often quadruple his income by taking up engineering or manufacture. In biology and psychology many lines of research are forbidden by law or public opinion. If science is to improve man as it has improved his environment, the experimental method must be applied to him. It is quite likely that the attempt to do so will rouse such fierce opposition that science will again be persecuted as it has been in the past.

Such persecution might quite well be successful, especially if it is supported by religion. A world-wide religious revival, whether Christian or not, would probably succeed in suppressing experimental inquiry into the human mind, which offers the only serious hope of improving it. Again, if scientific psychology and eugenics are used as weapons by one side in a political struggle, their opponents, if successful, will stamp them out. I think that it is quite as likely as not that scientific research may ultimately be strangled in some such way as this before mankind has learnt to control its own evolution.

If so, evolution will take its course. And that course has generally been downwards. The majority of species have degenerated and become extinct, or, what is perhaps worse, gradually lost many of their functions. The ancestors of oysters and barnacles had heads. Snakes have lost their limbs, and ostriches and penguins their power of flight. Man may just as easily lose his intelligence.

It is only a very few species that have developed into something higher. It is unlikely that man will do so unless he desires to and is prepared to pay the cost. If, as appears to be the case at present in

Europe and North America, the less intelligent of our species continue to breed more rapidly than the able, we shall probably go the way of the dodo and the kiwi. We do not as yet know enough to avert this fate. If research continues for another two centuries, it is probable that we shall. But if, as is likely enough, the welfare of our descendants in the remote future can only be realized at a very considerable sacrifice of present happiness and liberty, it does not follow that such a sacrifice will be made.

It is quite likely that after a golden age of happiness and peace, during which all the immediately available benefits of science will be realized, mankind will very gradually deteriorate.

Genius will become ever rarer, our bodies a little weaker, in each generation; culture will slowly decline, and in a few thousand or a few hundred thousand years—it does not much matter which—mankind will return to barbarism, and finally become extinct.

If this happens, I venture to hope that we shall not have destroyed the rat, an animal of considerable enterprise, which stands as good a chance as any other of evolving towards intelligence.

In the rather improbable event of man taking his own evolution in hand,—in other words of improving human nature, as opposed to environment—I can see no bounds at all to his progress. Less than a million years hence, the average man or woman will realize all the possibilities that human life has so far shown. He or she will never know a minute's illness. He will be able to think like Newton, to write like Racine, to paint like Van Dyck, to compose like Bach. He will be as incapable of hatred as S. Francis, and when

death comes at the end of a life probably measured in thousands of years he will meet it with as little fear as Captain Oates or Arnold von Winkelried. And every minute of his life will be lived with all the passion of a lover or a discoverer. We can form no idea whatever of the exceptional men of such a future.

Man will certainly attempt to leave the earth. The first voyagers into interstellar space will die. There is no reason why their successors should not succeed in colonizing some, at least, of the other planets, of our system, and ultimately the planets, if such exist, revolving round other stars than our sun. There is no theoretical limit to man's material progress but the subjection to complete conscious control of every atom and every quantum of radiation in the universe. There is, perhaps, no limit at all to his intellectual and spiritual progress.

But, whether any of these possibilities will be realized depends, as far as we can see, very largely on the events of the next few centuries. If scientific research is regarded as useful adjunct to the army, the factory, or the hospital, and not as of all things most supremely worth doing both for its own sake and that of its results, it is probable that the decisive steps will never be taken. And unless he can control his own evolution, as he is learning to control that of his domestic plants and animals, man and all his works will go down into oblivion and darkness.

## THE SOUL AND GOD

R. W. EMERSON

‘But souls that of His own good life partake  
He loves as his own self; dear as his eye  
They are to Him : He’ll never them forsake ;  
When they shall die, then God Himself shall die;  
They live, they live, in blest eternity.’

There is a difference between one and another hour of life, in their authority and subsequent effect, our faith comes in moments ; our vice is habitual. Yet is there a depth in those brief moments, which constrains us to ascribe more reality to them than to all other experiences. For this reason, the argument, which is always forthcoming to silence those who conceive extraordinary hopes of man, namely the appeal to experience, is for ever invalid and vain. A mightier hope abolishes despair. We give up the past to the objector and yet we hope. He must explain this hope. We grant that human life is mean ; but how did we find out that it was mean ? What is the ground of this discontent of ours—of this old uneasiness ? What is the universal sense of want and ignorance, but the fine innuendo by which the great soul makes its enormous claim ? Why do men feel that the natural history of man has never been written, but always he is leaving behind what you have said of him, and it becomes old, and books of metaphysics worthless ? The philosophy of

six thousand years has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiments there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Always our being is descending into us from we know not whence. The most exact calculator has no prescience that somewhat incalculable may not balk the very next moment. I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine.

As with events, so it is with thoughts. When I watch that flowing river, which, out of regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner—not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I desire and look up and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some alien energy the visions come.

The Supreme Critic on all the errors of the past and the present, and the only prophet of that which must be, is that great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that Unity, that Oversoul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all others; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains everyone to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character and not from his tongue; and which evermore tends and aims to pass into our thoughts and hands and becomes wisdom, and virtue and power

and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal One. And this deep power in which we exist, and whose beatitude is all accessible to us, is not only self-sufficing and perfect in every hour, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject, and the object, are one. We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul. It is only by the vision of that wisdom, that the horoscope of the ages can be read, and it is only by falling back on our better thoughts, by yielding to the spirit of prophecy which is innate in every man, that we can know what it saith. Every-man's words, who speaks from that life, must sound vain to those who do not dwell in the same thought on their own part. I dare not speak for it. My words do not carry its august sense; they fall short and cold. Only itself can inspire whom it will; and behold ! their speech shall be lyrical, and sweet, and universal as the rising of the wind. Yet I desire, even by profane words, if sacred I may not use, to indicate the heaven of this deity, and to report what hints I have collected of the transcendent simplicity and energy of the Highest Law.

If we consider what happens in conversation, in reveries, in remorse, in times of passion, in surprises, in the instructions of dreams wherein often we see ourselves in masquerade,—the droll disguises only magnifying and enhancing a real element, and forcing it on our distinct notice,—we shall catch many hints that will broaden and lighten into knowledge of the secret of nature. All goes

to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function, like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison,—but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will;—is the vast background of our being, in which they lie—an immensity not possessed; and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing but the light is all. A man is the facade of a temple wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect; but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words, to engage us to obey.

Of this pure nature every man is at sometime sensible. Language cannot paint it with his colours. It is too subtle. It is undefinable, immeasurable, but we know that it prevades and contains us. We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, 'God comes to see us without bell': that is, as there is, no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul where

man, the effect, ceases and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to all the attributes of God. Justice we see and know, Love, Freedom, Power. These natures no man ever got above, but always they tower over us, and meet in the moment when our interests tempt us to wound them.

The sovereignty of this nature whereof we speak, is made known by its independency of those limitations which circumscribe us on every hand. The soul circumscribes all things. As I have said, it contradicts all experience. In like manner it abolishes time and space. The influence of the sense has, in most men, over-powered the mind to that degree, that the walls of time and space have come to look solid, real and insurmountable; and to speak with levity of these limits is, in the world, the sign of insanity. Yet time and space are but inverse measures of the force of the soul. A man is capable of abolishing them both. The spirit sports with time—

Can crowd eternity into an hour,

Or stretch an hour into eternity.

We are often made to feel that there is another age and youth than that which is measured from our natural birth. Some thoughts always find us young and keep us so. Such a thought is the love of the universal and eternal beauty. Every man parts from that contemplation with the feeling that it rather belongs to ages than to mortal life. The least activity of the intellectual powers redeems us in a degree from the influences of time. In sickness, in languor, give us a strain of poetry or a profound sentence, and we are refreshed; or produce a volume of Plato, or Shakespeare, or remind us of their names, and instantly we come into

a feeling of longevity. See how the deep, divine thought demolishes centuries, and makes itself present through all ages. Is the teaching of Christ less effective now than when it was first uttered? The emphasis of facts and persons to my soul has nothing to do with time. And so, always, the soul's scale is one; the scale of the senses and the understanding is another. Before the great revelations of the soul Time, Space, and Nature shrink away. In common speech, we refer all things to time, as we habitually refer the immensely sundered stars to concave sphere.

And so we say that the Judgment is distant or near, that the Millenium approaches, that a day of certain moral, political, social reforms is at hand, and the like, when we mean that, in the nature of things, one of the facts we contemplate is external and fugitive, and the other is permanent and connate with the soul. The things we do not esteem fixed, shall, one by one, detach themselves, like ripe fruit from our experience, and fall. The wind shall blow them, none knows whither. The landscape, the figures, Boston, London, are facts as fugitive as any institution past, or any whiff of smoke or mist; and so is society, and so is the world. The soul looketh steadily forwards, creating a world always before her, and leaving worlds always behind her. She has no dates, no rites, nor persons nor specialities, nor men. The soul knows only the soul. All else is idle weeds for her wearing.

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION

JULIAN HUXLEY

This is a difficult subject, not one that is easy to discuss fully and frankly without arousing angry emotions or bruising intimate and sacred feelings. Yet the task is one which ought to be attempted. In this country at least we believe in religious freedom. And religious freedom implies the right of everyone to believe what he wants in matters of religion, and to proclaim his belief freely and openly. Provided that a man treats of these things honestly and sincerely, with no desire to sneer at or provoke others, those who differ from him have indeed no right to feel angry or to feel hurt.

I have devoted most of my life to science. This has been largely because I am so made that I want to know about things; I cannot help valuing knowledge for its own sake, or finding interest and excitement in the pursuit of new knowledge. But I would not continue to devote my energies to science if I did not believe that science was also useful, and indeed, absolutely indispensable to human progress. It is the only means by which man can go on increasing his power over nature and over the destiny of his race. On the other hand, without being an adherent of any sect, orthodox or unorthodox, I have always been deeply interested in religion, and believe that religious feeling is one of the most powerful and important of human attributes. So here I do not think of myself

as a representative of science, but want to talk as a human being who believes that both the scientific and the religious spirit are of the utmost value.

No one would deny that science has had a great effect on the religious outlook. If I were asked to sum up this effect as briefly as possible, I should say it was two-fold. In the first place, scientific discoveries have entirely altered our general picture of the universe and of man's position in it. And, secondly, the application of scientific method to the study of religion has given us a new science, the science of comparative religion, which has profoundly charged our general views on religion itself. To my mind, this second development is in many ways the more important of the two and I shall begin by trying to explain why. There was a time when religions were divided into two categories, the true and the false; one true religion, revealed by God, and a mass of false ones, inspired by the Devil. Milton has given expression to this idea in his beautiful 'Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.' This view, unfortunately was held by the adherents of a number of different religions, not only by Christians, but also by Jews, Mohammedans and others. And with the growth of intelligent tolerance many people began to feel doubtful about the truth of such mutually contradictory statements. But the rise of the science of comparative religion made any such belief virtually impossible. After a course of reading in that subject, you might still believe that your own religion was the best of all religions; but you would have a very queer intellectual construction if you still believed that it alone was good and true, while all others were merely false and bad.

I would say that the most important contribution which the comparative study of religions has made to general thought is broadly this. We can no longer look on religions as fixed : there is a development in religions as there is in law or science or political institutions. Nor can we look on religions as really separate systems ; different religions inter-connect and contribute elements to one another. Christianity, for instance, owes much not only to Judaism, but also to the so-called mystery religions of the near East, and to neo-Platonism.

From this point of view, all the religions of the world appear as different embodiments of the religious spirit of man, some primitive and crude, some advanced and elaborate, some degenerate and some progressive, some cruel or unenlightened, some noble and beautiful, but all forming part of the one general process of man's religious development.

But does there really exist a single religious spirit? Are there really any common elements to be found in Quakerism, say, and the fear-ridden fetishism of the Congo, or in the mysticism and renunciation of pure Buddhism and the ghastly cruelties of the religion of ancient Mexico? Here, too, comparative study helps us to an answer. The religious spirit is by no means always the same at different times and different levels of culture. But it always contains certain common elements. Somewhere at the root of every religion there lies a sense of sacredness ; certain things, events, ideas, beings are felt as mysterious and sacred. Somewhere, too in every religion is a sense of dependence ; man is surrounded by forces and powers which he does not

understand, and cannot control, and he desires to put himself into harmony with them. And, finally, into every religion there enters a desire for explanation and comprehension ; man knows himself surrounded by mysteries, yet he is always demanding that they shall make sense.

The existence of the sense of sacredness is the most basic of these common elements ; it is the core of any feeling which can properly be called religious, and without it man would not have any religion at all. The desire to be in harmony with mysterious forces and powers on which man feels himself dependent is responsible for the expression of religious feeling in action, whether in the sphere of ritual or that of morals. And the desire for comprehension is responsible for the explanations of the nature and government of the universe, and of the relations between it and human destiny, which in their developed forms we call theology.

This is all very well, some of my listeners will have been saying to themselves, but there has been no mention of God and no mention of immortality ; surely the worship of some god for gods, and the belief in some kind of future life are essentials of religion. Here again, comparative religion corrects us. Those are undoubtedly very general elements of religion ; but they are not universal, and therefore, not essential to the nature of religion. In pure Buddhism there is no mention of God ; and the Buddhist's chief pre-occupation is to escape continued existence, not to achieve it. Many primitive religions think in terms of impersonal sacred forces permeating nature ; and personal gods controlling the world either do not exist for them, or, if they do, are thought

of vaguely as creators or as remote as final causes, and are not worshipped. And a certain number of primitive people either have no belief at all in life after death, or believe that it is enjoyed only by chiefs and a few other important persons.

The three elements I have spoken of seem to be the basic elements of all religions. But the ways in which they are worked out in actual practice are amazingly diverse. To bring order into the study of the hundreds of different religions known, we must have recourse to the principle of development. But before embarking on this I must clear up one point. I said that an emotion of sacredness was at the bottom of the religious spirit. So it is; but we must extend the ordinary meaning of the word 'sacred' a little if we are to cover the facts. For the emotion I am trying to pin down in words, is a complex one which contains elements of wonder, a sense of the mysterious, a feeling of dependence or helplessness, and either fear or respect. And not only can these ingredients be blended with each other and with still further elements in very different proportions, so as to give in one case awe, in another case superstitious terror; in one case quiet reverence, in another ecstatic self-abandonment; but the resulting emotion can be felt about what is horrifying or even evil, as well as about what is noble or inspiring. Indeed, the majority of the gods and fetishes of various primitive tribes are regarded as evil or at least malevolent; and yet this quality which I have called sacredness most definitely adheres to them. We really want two words—'good-sacred' and 'bad-sacred.' It will perhaps, help to explain what I mean if I remind you that Coleridge in 'Kubla Khan' uses the word holy in this same equivocal way of the 'deep romantic chasm' in Xanadu.

A savage place, as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

In most primitive religions the two feelings are intimately blended, and equally balanced ; it is only later that the idea of the 'good-sacred' gets the upper hand and the 'bad-sacred' dwindles into a subordinate position, as applied to witchcraft for instance, or to a Devil who is inferior to God in power as well as goodness. Don't be impatient at my spending some time over these barbaric roots of religion. They may not at first sight seem to have anything to do with our modern perplexities, but they are, as a matter of fact, of real importance, partly because they are fundamental to our idea of what religion is, partly because they represent the base-line, so to speak, from which we must measure religious development. And I repeat that the idea of development in religion is, perhaps the most important contribution of science to our problem.

In least developed religions, then, it is universally agreed that magic is dominant. And by magic is meant the idea that mysterious properties and powers inhere in things or events, and that these powers can be in some measure controlled by appropriate formulae or ritual acts.

It is also universally agreed that the ideas behind magic are not true. Primitive man has projected his own ideas and feelings into the world about him. He thinks that what we should call lifeless and mindless objects are animated by some sort of spirit ; and because they have aroused an emotion of fear or mystery in him, he thinks that they are themselves the seat of a mysterious

and terrifying power of spiritual nature. He has also used false methods in his attempts at achieving control ; an obvious example is the use of 'sympathetic magic,' as when hunting savages kill game in effigy, believing that this will help them to kill it in reality.

But, though this is demonstrably false, a good many magic beliefs still linger on, whether still entwined with religion, or disentangled from it as mere isolated superstition, like the superstitions about good and bad luck, charms and mascots. Anyone who really believes in the efficacy of such luck-bringers is in that respect reasoning just as do the great majority of savages about most of their life.

As I said before, in the magic stage, gods may play but a small part in religion. The next great step is for the belief in magic to grow less important, that in gods to become dominant. Instead of impersonal magic-power inherent in objects, man thinks of beings, akin to himself, controlling objects that are themselves inanimate.

When we study different religions at the beginning of this stage, we find an extraordinary diversity of gods being worshipped. Man has worshipped gods in the semblance of animals ; gods that are represented as half-human and half-bestial ; gods that are obviously deified heroes (in Imperial Rome even living emperors were accorded divine honours) gods that are the personification of natural objects or forces, like sun-gods, river-gods, or fertility-gods ; tribal gods that preside over the fortunes of the community ; gods that personify human ideals, like gods of wisdom ; gods that preside over human activities like gods of love or war.

From these beginnings, progress has been mainly in two directions—ethical and logical. Beginning often

by assigning barbaric human qualities to deity, qualities such as jealousy, anger, cruelty or even voluptuousness, men have gradually been brought to higher conceptions. Jehovah was thought of in very different terms after the time of the Hebrew prophets. His more spiritual and universal aspects came to be stressed in place of the less spiritual and more tribal aspects which appealed to the earlier Jews. Many freely in the great age of Greece revolted against the traditional Greek theology which made the gods lie and desire to cheat like men. A great many Christians have put away the traditional idea of Hell from their theology because they hold fast to a more merciful view of God. We may put the matter briefly by saying that, as man's ethical sense developed, he found it impossible to go on ascribing 'bad-sacred' elements to Divine personality, and came to hold an ethically higher idea of God.

On the logical side the natural trend has been towards unity and universality. You must acknowledge that the many incomplete and partial gods of polytheism give place to a complete and single God; waning tribal gods give place to the universal God of all the world. What exactly this means, whether man, as his powers develop, is seeing new aspects of God which previously he could not grasp, whether he is investing with his own ideas something which is essentially unknowable, or whether, as some very radical thinkers believe, the concept of God is a personification of impersonal powers and forces in nature, it is not possible to discuss here. What is assuredly true is that man's idea of God gradually alters, and becomes more exalted. Theology develops; and with the change in theology, religious feeling and practice alter too.

At the moment a new difficulty is cropping up as a result of the progress of science. If nature really works according to universal automatic law then God regarded as a ruler or governor of the universe, is much more remote from us and the world's affairs than earlier ages imagined. Modern theology is meeting this by stressing the idea of divine immanence in the minds and ideals of men. But this and other possible solutions of this very real difficulty I have no time to discuss, and can only hope that other speakers in this series will treat of them.

Here I must get back to the general idea of religious development. There is one rather curious fact about this. The intensity of religious feeling may be as great, the firmness of belief as strong in the lowest religions, as they are in the highest. The difference between a low and a high religion is due to the ethical and moral and intellectual ideas that are interwoven with the religious spirit, that colour it and alter the way it expresses itself in action. The spiritual insight of the Hebrew prophets could not tolerate the idea that material sacrifices and burnt offerings were the best means of propitiating God, and they inaugurated a new and higher stage in Hebrew religion, epitomized in the words of the psalmist: 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit ; a broken spirit and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.' Jesus could not tolerate the idea that forms and ritual observances were the road to salvation, and inaugurated not only a new religion but a new phase in world history by His insistence on purity of heart and self-sacrifice, epitomized in the words—'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' Paul could not tolerate the idea that

God would offer salvation to one nation only, and make Christianity a world-religion.

Those are cases where the new insight was from the start applied directly to religion. But often new ideas begin their career quite independently of religion, and only later come to influence it. Orthodox religion, for instance, was on the whole favourable to the institution of slavery.

The abolition of slavery was due at least as much to new humanitarian and social ideas often regarded as heterodox or even subversive, as to religious sentiment. But the change in public sentiment, once effected, had a marked effect on religious outlook. The same sort of thing could be said about our changed ideas on the use of torture, on the treatment of criminals, prisoners and paupers and insane people, and many other subjects.

But it is in the intellectual sphere, during the last few centuries at least, that changes which in origin were unrelated to religion have had the most considerable effect upon the religious outlook. Those who are interested will find a lucid and thought-provoking treatment of the whole subject in Mr. Langdon-Davis's new book, *Man and His Universe*. Here I must content myself with two brief examples. When Kepler showed that the planets moved in ellipses instead of circles, when Galileo discovered the craters on the moon, spots on the sun, or showed that new fixed stars could appear, their discoveries were not as indifferent to religion as might have been supposed. On the contrary they had as much influence on the religious outlook of their day as had the ideas of Darwin on the religious

outlook of the Victorian age, or as the ideas of Freud are having on that of our own times. For to the Middle Ages, a circle was a perfect form, an ellipse an imperfect one: and the planets ought to move in circles to justify the perfection of God. So, too, medieval religious thought was impregnated with the idea (which dates back to Aristotle) that change and imperfection were properties of the sublunary sphere—the earth alone. All the heavenly regions and bodies were both perfect and changeless. So that the discoveries of imperfections, like the sun's spots or the moon's pock-marks, or of celestial changes like the birth of a new star, meant an overhauling of all kinds of fundamental ideas in the theology of the time.

As a second example, take Newton. We are so used to the idea of gravity that we forget what a revolution in thought was caused by Newton's discoveries. Put simply, the change was this. Before Newton's time, men supposed that the planets and their satellites had to be, in some way, perpetually guided and controlled in their courses by some extraneous power, and this power was almost universally supposed to be the hand of God. Then came Newton, and showed that no such guidance or controlling power was, as a matter of fact, needed; granted the universal property of gravity, the planets could not help circling as they did. For theology, this meant that men should no longer think of God as continually controlling the details of the working of the heavenly bodies; as regards their aspect of the governance of the universe, God have to be thought of as one removed farther away, as the designer and creator of a machine which, once designed and created, needed no further

control. And this new conception did as a matter of historical fact, exert a great influence on religious thought, which culminated in Paley early in the last century.

It is considerations like these which lead us on to what is usually called the conflict between science and religion. If what I have been saying has any truth in it, however, it is not a conflict between science and religion at all, but between science and theology. The reason it is often looked on as a conflict of science and religion is that the system of ideas and explanations and reasonings which crystallizes out as theology tends to become tinged with the feeling of sacredness which is at the heart of religion. It thus gets looked on as itself sacred, not to be interfered with, and does, in point of fact, become an integral part of the particular religion at its particular stage of development. So we may, if we like, say that science can be in conflict with particular stages of particular religions, though it cannot possibly be in conflict with religion in general.

Now the man of science, if he is worth his salt, has a definitely religious feeling about truth. In other words, truth to him is sacred, and he refuses to believe that any religious system is right or can satisfy man in his capacity of truth-seeker if it denies or even pays no attention to the new truths which generations of patient scientific workers painfully and laboriously wrest from nature. You may call this a provocative attitude if you like; but on this single point the scientist refuses to give way, for to do so would be for him to deny himself and the faith that is in him—the faith in the value of discovering more of the truth about the universe. He knows quite well that what he has so far discovered is

the merest fraction of what there is to know, that many of his explanations will be superseded by the progress of knowledge in the future. But he also knows that the accumulated effect of scientific work has been to produce a steady increase in the sum total of knowledge, a steady increase in the accuracy of the scientific explanation of what is known. In other words, scientific discovery is never complete, but always progressive; it is always giving us a closer approximation to truth.

Thus, knowing as he does that both science and religion have grown and developed, and believing that they should continue to do so, he does not feel he is being subversive, but only progressive in what he asks. And what he asks is that religion, on its theological side, shall continue to take account of the changes and expansions of the picture of the universe which science is drawing. I say *continue*, for it has done so in the past, although often grudgingly enough. It gave up the idea of a flat earth; it gave up the idea that the earth was the centre of the universe, or that planets moved in perfect circles; it gave up the idea of a material heaven above a dome-like sky, and accepted the idea of an enormous space peopled with huge numbers of suns, and indeed with other groups of suns each comparable to what we for long thought was the whole universe; it accepted Newton's discovery that the heavenly bodies need no guidance in their courses and the discoveries of the nineteenth century physicists and chemists about the nature of matter; it has abandoned the idea that the world is only a few thousand years old, and accepted the time-scale discovered by geology. And it finds itself no worse off for having shed these worn-

out intellectual garments. But there are still many discoveries of science which it has not yet woven into its theological scheme. Only certain of the Churches have accepted Evolution, though this was without doubt the most important single new idea of the nineteenth century. It has not yet assimilated recent advances in scientific knowledge of the brain and the physiology of sex. And, in a great many cases, while accepting scientific discoveries, it has only gone half-way in recasting its theology to meet the new situation.

But whatever this or that religion may choose to do with new knowledge, man's destiny and his relation to the forces and powers of the world about him are, and must always be, the chief concerns of religion. It is for this reason that any light which science can shed on the nature and working of man and the nature and working of his environment cannot help being relevant to religion.

What, then, is the picture which science draws of the universe today, the picture which religion must take account of (with due regard, of course, for the fact that the picture is incomplete), in its theology and general outlook? It is, I think, somewhat as follows. It is the picture of a universe in which matter and energy, time and space, are not what they seem to common sense, but interlock and overlap in the most puzzling way. A universe of appalling vastness, appalling age, and appalling meaninglessness. The only trend we can perceive in the universe as a whole is a trend towards a final uniformity, when no energy will be available, a state of cosmic death.

Within this universe, however, on one of the smaller satellites of one of its millions of millions of suns, a

different trend is in progress. It is the trend we call evolution, and it has consisted first in the genesis of being out of non-living matter, and then in steady but slow progress of this living matter towards greater efficiency, greater harmony of construction, greater control over and independence of its environment. And this slow progress has culminated, in very recent times, geologically speaking, in the person of man and his societies. This is the objective side of the trend of life ; but it has another side. It has been a trend towards greater activity and intensity of mind, towards greater capacities for knowing, feeling and proposing ; and here, too, man is pre-eminent.

The curious thing is that both these trends of the world of lifeless matter as a whole, and of the world of life on this planet, operate with the same materials. The matter of which living things are composed is the same as that in the lifeless earth and the most distant stars : the energy by which they work is part of the same general reservoir which sets the stars shining, drives a motor-car, and moves the planets or the tides. There is, in fact, only one world-stuff, only one flow of energy. And since man and life are part of this world-stuff, the properties of consciousness or something of the same nature as consciousness must be attributes of the world-stuff, too, unless we are to drop any belief in continuity and uniformity in nature. The physicists and the chemists and the physiologists do not deal with these mind-like properties, for the simple reason that they have not so far discovered any method of detecting or measuring them directly. But the logic of evolution forces us to believe that they are there, even if in lowly form, throughout the universe. Finally, this universe which science depicts works uniformly and regularly. A particular kind of

matter in a particular set of circumstances will always behave in the same way ; things work as they do, not because of inherent principles of perfection, not because they are guided from without, but because they happen to be so made that they cannot work in any other way. When we have found out something about the way things are made, so that we can prophesy how they will work, we say we have discovered a natural law; such laws, however, are not like human laws, imposed from without on objects, but are laws of the object's own being. And the laws governing the evolution of life seem to be as regular and automatic as those governing the movements of the planets.

In this universe lives man. He is a curious phenomenon : a piece of the universal world-stuff which as the result of long processes of change and strife has become intensely conscious—conscious of itself, of its relations with the rest of the world-stuff, capable of consciously feeling, reasoning, describing and planning. These capacities are the result of an astonishingly complicated piece of physical machinery—the cerebral hemispheres of the brain. The limitations to our capacities come from the construction of our brains and bodies which we receive through heredity; with someone else's body and brain, our development even in the same environment could have been different. And these differences in human capacity due to differences in inheritance may be enormous. The method of inheritance in men is identical in principle with the method of inheritance in poultry or flies or fish. And by means of further detailed knowledge we could control it and therefore control human capacity, which is only an-

other way of saying that man has the power of controlling his own future ; or, if you like to put it still more generally, that not only is he the highest product of evolution, but that, through his power of conscious reason he has become the trustee of the evolutionary process. His own future and that of the earth are in large measure in his hands. And that future extends for thousands of millions of years. Lastly, we must not forget to remind ourselves that we are relative beings. As products of evolution, our bodies and minds are what they are because they have been moulded in relation to the world in which we live. The very senses we possess are relative—for instance, we have no electric sense and no X-ray stimuli of any magnitude. The working of our minds, too, is very far from absolute. Our reason often serves only as a means of finding reasons to justify our desires ; our mental being, as modern psychology has shown, is a compromise—here antagonistic forces in conflict, there an undesirable element forcibly repressed, there again a disreputable motive emerging disguised. Our minds, in fact, like our bodies, are devices for helping us to get along somehow in the struggle for existence. Only by deliberate effort, and not always then, shall we be able to use our minds as instruments for attaining unvarnished truth, for practising disinterested virtue, for achieving true sincerity and purity of heart.

I do not know how religion will assimilate these facts and these ideas ; but I am sure that in the long run it will assimilate them as it has assimilated Kepler and Galileo and Newton and is beginning to assimilate Darwin ; and I am sure that the sooner the assimi-

lation is effected, the better it will be for everybody concerned.

So far I have spoken almost entirely of the effect of science upon the religious outlook; of the effect of scientific method upon the study of religion itself, leading us to the idea of development in religion ; and the effect of scientific discoveries in general upon man's picture of the universe, which it is the business of religion to assimilate in its theology. Now I must say something about the limitations of science. Science, like art, or morality, or religion, is simply one way of handling the chaos of experience which is the only immediate reality we know. Art, for instance, handles experience in relation to the desire for beauty, or, if we want to put it more generally and philosophically, in relation to the desire for expressing feelings and ideas in aesthetically satisfying forms ; accuracy of fact is and should be a secondary consideration. The annual strictures of the *Tailor and Cutter* on the men's costumes in the Academy portraits are more or less irrelevant to the question of whether the portraits are good pictures or bad pictures.

Science, on the other hand, deals with the chaos of experience from the point of view of efficient, intellectual and practical handling. Science is out to find laws and general rules, because the discovery of a single law or rule at once enables us to understand an indefinite number of individual happenings—as the single law of gravitation enables us to understand the fall of the apple, the movement of the planets, the tides, the return of comets, and innumerable other phenomena.

Science insists on continual verification by testing against facts, because the bitter experience of history is

that without such constant testing, man's imagination and logical faculty run away with him and in the long run make a fool of him. And science has every confidence in these methods of hers because experience has demonstrated that they are the only ones by which man can hope to extend his control over nature and his own destiny. Science is in the first instance merely disinterested curiosity, the desire to know for knowing's sake ; yet in the long run the new knowledge always brings practical power.

But science has two inherent limitations. First, it is incomplete or perhaps I had better say partial, just because it only concerns itself with intellectual handling and objective control. And secondly, it is morally and emotionally neutral. It sets out to describe, and to understand, not to appraise, not to assign values : the only value which it recognizes is that of truth and knowledge.

This neutrality of science in regard to emotions and moral and aesthetic values means that while in its own sphere of knowledge it is supreme, in other spheres it is only a method or a tool. What man shall do with the new facts, the new ideas, the new opportunities of control which science is showering upon him, does not depend upon science, but upon what man wants to do with them ; and this in turn depends upon his scale of values. It is here that religion can become the dominant factor. For what religion can do is to set up a scale of values for conduct, and to provide emotional or spiritual driving force to help in getting them realized in practice. On the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the scale of values set up by religion will be different according to the intellectual background of the

religion. You can never wholly separate practice from theory, idea from action. Thus to put the matter in a nutshell, while the practical task of science is to provide man with new knowledge and increased powers of control, the practical task of religion is to help man to decide how he shall use the knowledge and those powers.

The conflict between science and religion has come chiefly from the fact that religion has often been afraid of the new knowledge provided by science, because it had unfortunately committed itself to a theology of fixity instead of one of change, and claimed to be already in possession of all the knowledge that mattered. It, therefore, seemed that to admit the truth and value of the new knowledge provided by science would be to destroy religion. Most men of science and many thinkers within the churches do not believe this any longer. Science may destroy particular theologies; it may even cause the downfall of particular brands of religion if they persist in refusing to admit the validity of scientific knowledge. But it cannot destroy religion, because that is the outcome of the religious spirit, and the religious spirit is just as much a property of human nature as is the scientific spirit.

What science can and should do is to modify the form of religion. And once religion recognizes that fact, there will no longer remain any fundamental conflict between science and religion, but merely a number of friendly adjustments to be made.

In regard to this last point, let me make myself clear. I do not mean that science should dictate to religion how it should change or what form it should take. I mean that it is the business and the duty of

various religions to accept the new knowledge we owe to science, to assimilate it into their systems, and to adjust their general ideas and outlook accordingly. The only business and duty of science is to discover new facts, to frame the best possible generalizations to account for the facts, and to turn knowledge to practical account when asked to do so. The problem of what man will do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put into his hands is probably the most vital and the most alarming problem of modern times. At the moment, humanity is rather like an irresponsible and mischievous child who has been presented with a set of machine tools, a box of matches, and a supply of dynamite. How can religion expect to help in solving the problem before the child cuts itself or blows itself up, if it does not permeate itself with the new ideas and make them its own in order to control them? That is why I say—as a human being and not as a scientist—that it is the *duty* of religion to accept and assimilate scientific knowledge. I also believe it to be the *business* of religion to do so, because if religion does not do so, religion will in the long run lose influence and adherents thereby.

I would like to finish by pulling together some of the main threads of my argument. I see the human race engaged on the tremendous experiment of living on the planet called Earth. From the point of view of humanity, as a whole, the great aim of this experiment must be to make life more truly and more fully worth living ; the religious man might prefer to say that the aim was to realize the kingdom of God upon earth, but that is only another way of saying the same thing.

The scientific spirit and the religious spirit have both their parts to play in this experiment. If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing) then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit. At the moment, however, a radical difference of outlook obtains between science and religion. An alteration in scientific outlook—for instance, the supersession of pure Newtonian mechanics by relativity—is generally looked on as a victory for science ; but an alteration in religious outlook—for instance, the abandonment of belief in the literal truth of the account of creation in Genesis—is usually looked on in some way as a defeat for religion. Yet either both are defeats or both victories—not for partial activities such as religion or science, but for the spirit of man. In the past, religion has usually been slowly and grudgingly forced to admit new scientific ideas ; if it will but accept the most vivifying of all the scientific ideas of the past century, that of the capacity of life, including human life and institutions, for progressive development, the conflict between science and religion will be over, and both can join hands in advancing the great experiment of man—of ensuring that he shall have life, and have it more abundantly.

## WHAT I BELIEVE

E. M. FORSTER

I do not believe in Belief. But this is an age of faith, and there are so many militant creeds, that, in self-defence, one has to formulate a creed of one's own. Tolerance, good temper and sympathy are no longer enough in a world which is rent by religious and racial persecution, in a world where ignorance rules, and science, who ought to have ruled, plays the subservient pimp. Tolerance, good temper and sympathy—they are what matter really, and if the human race is not to collapse they must come to the front before long. But for the moment they are not enough, their action is no stronger than a flower, battered beneath a military jack-boot. They want stiffening, even if the process coarsens them. Faith, to my mind, is a stiffening process, a sort of mental starch, which ought to be applied as sparingly as possible. I dislike the stuff. I do not believe in it, for its own sake, at all. Herein I probably differ from most people, who believe in Belief, and are only sorry they cannot swallow even more than they do. My lawgivers are Erasmus and Montaigne, not Moses and St. Paul. My temple stands not upon Mount Moriah but in that Elysian Field where even the immoral are admitted. My motto is; 'Lord, I disbelieve—help thou my unbelief'.

I have, however, to live in an Age of Faith—the sort of epoch I used to hear praised when I was a boy. It is extremely unpleasant really. It is bloody in every sense of the word. And I have to keep my end up in it. Where do I start ?

With personal relationship. Here is something comparatively solid in a world full of violence and cruelty. not absolutely solid, for Psychology has split and shattered the idea of a 'Person', and has shown that there is something incalculable in each of us, which may at any moment rise to the surface and destroy our normal balance. We don't know what we are like. We can't know what other people are like. How, then, can we put any trust in personal relationships, or cling to them in the gathering political storm? In theory we cannot. But in practice we can and do. Though A is not unchangeably A or B unchangeably B, there can still be love and loyalty between the two. For the purpose of living one has to assume that the personality is solid, and the 'self' is an entity, and to ignore all contrary evidence. And since to ignore evidence is one of the characteristics of faith, I certainly can proclaim that I believe in personal relationships.

Starting from them I get a little order into the contemporary chaos. One must be fond of people and trust them if one is not to make a mess of life, and it is, therefore, essential that they should not let one down. They often do. The moral of which is that I must, myself, be as reliable as possible, and this I try to be. But reliability is not a matter of contract—that is the main difference between the world of personal relationships and the world of business relationships. It is a matter for the heart, which signs no documents. In other words, reliability is impossible unless there is a natural warmth. Most men possess the warmth, though they often have bad luck, and get chilled. Most of them, even when they are politicians, *want* to keep faith. And one can, at all events, show one's own little light here, one's own poor little trembling flame, with the knowledge that it is not the only

light that is shining in the darkness, and not the only one which the darkness does not comprehend. Personal relations are despised today. They are regarded as bourgeois luxuries, as products of a time of fair weather which is now past, and we are urged to 'get rid of them, and to dedicate ourselves to some movement or cause instead. I hate the idea of causes, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country. Such a choice may scandalize the modern reader : and he may stretch out his patriotic hand to the telephone at once and ring up the police. It would not have shocked Dante, though. Dante places Brutus and Cassius in the lowest circle of Hell because they had chosen to betray their friend Julius Caesar rather than their country Rome. Probably one will not be asked to make such an agonizing choice. Still, there lies at the back of every creed something terrible and hard for which the worshipper may one day be required to suffer, and there is even a terror and a hardness in this creed of personal relationships, urbane and mild though it sounds. Love and loyalty to an individual can run counter to the claims of the State. When they do—down with the State, say I, which means that the State would down me.

This brings me along to Democracy, 'even Love, the Beloved Republic, which feeds upon Freedom and lives'. Democracy is not a Beloved Republic really, and never will be. But it is less hateful than other contemporary forms of government, and to that extent it deserves our support. It does start from the assumption that the individual is important, and that all types are needed to make a civilization. It does not divide its citizens into the bossers and the bossed—as an efficiency-regime tends

to do. The people I admire most are those who are sensitive and want to create something or discover something, and do not see life in terms of power, and such people get more of a chance under a democracy than elsewhere. They found religions, great or small, or they produce literature and art, or they do disinterested scientific research, or they may be what is called 'ordinary people', who are creative in their private lives ; bring up their children decently, for instance, or help their neighbours. All these people need to express themselves ; they cannot do so unless society allows them liberty to do so, and the society which allows them most liberty is a democracy.

Democracy has another merit. It allows criticism and if there is not public criticism there are bound to be hushed-up scandals. That is why I believe in the Press, despite all its lies and vulgarity, and why I believe in Parliament. Parliament is often sneered at because it is a Talking Shop. I believe in it *because* it is a talking shop. I believe in the Private Member who makes himself a nuisance. He gets snubbed and is told that he is cranky or ill-informed, but he does expose abuses which would otherwise never have been mentioned, and very often an abuse gets put right just by being mentioned. Occasionally too, a well meaning public official starts losing his head in the cause of efficiency and thinks himself God Almighty. Such officials are particularly frequent in the Home Office. Well, there will be questions about them in Parliament sooner or later, and then they will have to mind their steps. Whether Parliament is either a representative body or an efficient one is questionable, but I value it because it criticizes and talks, and because its chatter gets widely reported.

So two cheers for Democracy : one because it admits variety and two because it permits criticism. Two cheers

are quite enough : there is no occasion to give three. Only Love, the Beloved Republic, deserves that.

What about Force, though? While we are trying to be sensitive and advanced and affectionate and tolerant, an unpleasant question pops up : does not all society rest upon force? If a government cannot count upon the police and the army, how can it hope to rule? And if an individual gets knocked on the head or sent to a labour camp, of what significance are his opinions?

This dilemma does not worry me as much as it does some. I realize that all society rests upon force. But all the great creative actions, all the decent human relations, occur during the intervals when force has not managed to come to the front. These intervals are what matter. I want them to be as frequent and as lengthy as possible, and I call them 'civilization.' Some people idealize force and pull it into the foreground and worship it instead of keeping it in the background as long as possible. I think they make a mistake, and I think that their opposites, the mystics, err even more when they declare that force does not exist. I believe that it exists, and that one of our jobs is to prevent it from getting out of its box. It gets out sooner or later, and then it destroys us and all the lovely things which we have made. But it is not out all the time for the fortunate reason that the strong are so stupid. Consider their conduct for a moment in the Niebelung's Ring. The giants there have the guns, or in other words the gold; but they do nothing with it, they do not realize that they are all-powerful, with the result that the catastrophe is delayed and the castle of Walhalla, insecure but glorious, fronts the storms. Fafnir, coiled round his hoard, grumbles and grunts; we can hear him under Europe today; the leaves of the wood already tremble,

and the Bird calls its warnings uselessly. Fafnir will destroy us, but by a blessed dispensation he is stupid and slow, and creation goes on just outside the poisonous blast of his breath. The Nietzschean would hurry the monster up, the mystic would say he did not exist, but Wotan, wiser than either, hastens to create warriors before doom declares itself. The Valkyries are symbols not only of courage but of intelligence; they represent the human spirit snatching its opportunity while the going is good, and one of them even finds time to love. Brunhilde's last song hymns the recurrence of love, and since it is the privilege of art to exaggerate, she goes even further, and proclaims the love which is eternally triumphant and feeds upon Freedom, and lives.

So that is what I feel about force and violence. It is alas ! the ultimate reality on this earth, but it does not always get to the front. Some people call its absences 'decadence', I call them 'civilization' and find in such interludes the chief justification for the human experiment. I look the other way until fate strikes me. Whether this is due to courage or to cowardice in my own case I cannot be sure. But I know that if men had not looked the other way in the past, nothing of any value would survive. The people I respect most behave as if they were immortal and as if society was eternal. Both assumptions are false; both of them must be accepted as true if we are to go on eating and working and loving, and are to keep open a few breathing holes for the human spirit. No millennium seems likely to descend upon humanity; no better and stronger League of Nations will be instituted: no form of Christianity and no alternative to Christianity will bring peace to the world or integrity to the individual; no 'change of heart' will occur. And yet we need not

despair, indeed, we cannot despair; the evidence of history shows us that men have always insisted on behaving creatively under the shadow of the sword; that they have done their artistic and scientific and domestic stuff for the sake of doing it and that we had better followed their example under the shadow of the aeroplanes. Others, with more vision or courage than myself, see the salvation of humanity ahead, and will dismiss my conception of civilization as paltry, as a sort of tip-and-run game. Certainly it is presumptuous to say that we *cannot* improve and that man, who has only been in power for a few thousand years, will never learn to make use of his power. All I mean is that, if people continue to kill one another as they do, the world cannot get better than it is, and that since there are more people than formerly, and their means for destroying one another superior, the world may well get worse. What is good in people—and consequently in the world—is their insistence on creation, their belief in friendship and loyalty for their own sakes; and though violence remains and is, indeed, the major partner in this muddled establishment, I believe that creativeness remains too, and will always assume direction when violence sleeps. So, though I am not an optimist, I cannot agree with Sophocles that it were better never to have been born. And although, like Horace, I see no evidence that each batch of births is superior to the last, I leave the field open for the more complacent view. This is such a difficult moment to live in, one cannot help getting gloomy and also a bit rattled, perhaps short-sighted.

In search of a refuge, we may perhaps turn to hero-worship. But here we shall get no help in my opinion. Hero-worship is a dangerous vice, and one of the minor merits of a democracy is that it does not encourage it, or

produce that unmanageable type of citizen known as the Great Man. It produces instead different kinds of small men—a much finer achievement. But people who cannot get interested in the variety of life, and cannot make up their own minds, get discontented over this, and they long for a hero to bow down before and to follow blindly. It is significant that a hero is an integral part of the authoritarian stock-in-trade today. An efficiency-regime cannot be run without a few heroes stuck about it to carry off the dullness—much as plums have to be put into a bad pudding to make it palatable. One hero at the top and a smaller one each side of him is a favourite arrangement, and the timid and the bored are comforted by the trinity, and bowing down, feel exalted and strengthened.

No, I distrust Great Men. They produce a desert of uniformity around them and often a pool of blood too, and I always feel a little man's pleasure when they come a cropper. Every now and then one reads in the newspapers some such statement as: 'The *coup d'état* appears to have failed, and Admiral Toma's whereabouts is at present unknown.' Admiral Toma had probably every qualification for being a Great Man—an iron will, personal magnetism, dash, flair, sexlessness—but fate was against him, so he retires to unknown whereabouts instead of parading history with his peers. He fails with a completeness which no artist and no lover can experience, because with them the process of creation is itself an achievement, whereas with him the only possible achievement is success.

I believe in aristocracy, though—if that is the right word, and if a democrat may use it. Not an artistocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky.

Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. Thousands of them perish in obscurity, a few are great names. They are sensitive for others as well as for themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure, and they can take a joke. I give no examples—it is risky to do that—but the reader may as well consider whether, this is the type of person he would like to meet and to be, and whether (going farther with me) he would prefer that this type should *not* be an ascetic one. I am against asceticism myself. I am with the old Scotchman who wanted less chastity and more delicacy. I do not feel that my aristocrats are a real aristocracy if they thwart their bodies, since bodies are the instruments through which we register and enjoy the world. Still, I do not insist. This is not a major point. It is clearly possible to be sensitive, considerate and plucky and yet be an ascetic too, and if any one possesses the first three qualities, I will let him in ! On they go—an invincible army, yet not a victorious one. The aristocrats, the elect, the chosen, the Best People—all the words that describe them are false, and all attempts to organize them fail. Again and again Authority, seeing their value, has tried to net them and to utilize them as the Egyptian Priesthood or the Christian Church or the Chinese Civil Service or the Group Movement, or some other worthy stunt. But they slip through the net and are gone; when the door is shut, they are no longer in the room; their temple, as one of them remarked, is the Holiness of the

Heart's Imagination, and their kingdom, though they never possess it, is the wide-open world.

With this type of person knocking about, and constantly crossing one's path if one has eyes to see or hands to feel, the experiment of earthly life cannot be dismissed as a failure. But it may well be hailed as a tragedy, the tragedy being that no device has been found by which these private decencies can be transmitted to public affairs. As soon as people have power they go crooked and sometimes dotty as well, because the possession of power lifts them into a religion where normal honesty never pays. For instance, the man who is selling newspapers outside the Houses of Parliament can safely leave his papers to go for a drink and his cap beside them: anyone who takes a paper is sure to drop a copper into the cap. But the men who are inside the Houses of Parliament—they cannot trust one another like that, still less can the Government they compose trust other governments. No caps upon the payment here, but suspicion, treachery and armaments. The more highly public life is organized the lower does its morality sink; the nations of today behave to each other worse than they ever did in the past; they cheat, rob, bully and bluff, make war without notice, and kill as many women and children as possible; whereas primitive tribes were at all events restrained by taboos. It is a humiliating outlook—though the greater the darkness, the brighter shine the little lights, reassuring one another, signalling: 'Well, at all events, I'm still here. I don't like it very much, but how are you?' Unquenchable lights of my aristocracy! Signals of the invincible army! 'Come along—anyway let's have a good time while we can.' I think they signal that too.

The Saviour of the future—if ever he comes—will not preach a new Gospel. He will merely utilize my aristocracy, he will make effective the good will and the good temper which are already existing. In other words, he will introduce a new technique. In economics, we are told that if there was a new technique of distribution, there need be no poverty, and people would not starve in one place while crops were being ploughed under in another. A similar change is needed in the sphere of morals and politics. The desire for it is by no means new; it was expressed, for example, in theological terms by Jacopone da Todi over six hundred years ago. *Ordinamento amore, O tu che m'ami*, he said; 'O thou who lovest me—set this love in order.' His prayer was not granted, and I do not myself believe that it ever will be, but here, and not through a change of heart, it is our probable route. Not by becoming better, but by ordering and distributing his native goodness, will Man shut up Force into its box, and so gain time to explore the universe and to set his mark upon it worthily. At present he only explores it at odd moments, when Force is looking the other way, and his divine creativeness appears as a trivial by-product, to be scrapped as soon as the drums beat and the bombers hum.

Such a change, claim the orthodox, can only be made by Christianity, and will be made by it in God's good time: man always has failed and always will fail to organize his own goodness, it is presumptuous of him to try. This claim—solemn as it is—leaves me cold. I cannot believe that Christianity will ever cope with the present worldwide mess, and I think that such influence as it retains in modern society is due to the money behind it, rather than to its spiritual appeal. It was a spiritual force

once, but the indwelling spirit will have to be restated if it is to calm the waters again, and probably restated in a non-Christian form. Naturally a lot of people, and people who are not only good but able and intelligent, will disagree here; they will vehemently deny that Christianity has failed, or they will argue that its failure proceeds from the wickedness of men and really proves its ultimate success. They have Faith, with a large F. My faith has a very small one, and I only intrude it because these are strenuous and serious days, and one likes to say what one thinks while speech is comparatively free : it may not be free much longer.

The above are the reflections of an individualist and a liberal who has found liberalism crumbling beneath him and at first felt ashamed. Then, looking around, he decided there was no special reason for shame, since other people, whatever they felt, were equally insecure. And as for individualism—there seems no way of getting off this, even if one wanted to. The dictator-hero can grind down his citizens till they are all alike, but he cannot melt them into a single man. That is beyond his power. He can order them to merge, he can incite them to mass-antics, but they are obliged to be born separately and to die separately and owing to these unavoidable termini, will always be running off the totalitarian rails. The memory of birth and the expectation of death always lurk within the human being, making him separate from his fellows and consequently capable of intercourse with them. Naked I came into the world, naked I shall go out of it ! And a very good thing too, for it reminds me that I am naked under my shirt, whatever its colour.

## *CIVILIZATION AND PROGRESS*

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE

A Chinese author writes: 'The terribly tragic aspect of the situation in China is that, while the Chinese nation is called upon to throw away its own civilization and adopt the civilization of modern Europe, there is not one single educated man in the whole Empire who has the remotest idea of what this modern European civilization really is'.

I have read elsewhere an observation made by a Frenchman, quoted in a magazine, in which he says that China is not a country but a civilization. Not having read the full discussion, I cannot be certain what he means. But it seems to me that, according to the writer, China represents an ideal and not the production and collection of certain things, or of information of a particular character about the nature of things; that is to say, it stands for not merely progress in wealth and knowledge and power but a philosophy of life and the art of living.

The word 'civilization' being a European word, we have hardly yet taken the trouble to find out its real meaning. For over a century we have accepted it as we may accept a gift horse, with perfect trust, never caring to count its teeth. Only very lately we have begun to wonder if we realize in its truth what the Western people mean when they speak of civilization. We ask ourselves, 'Has it the same meaning as some word in our own language which denotes for us the idea of human perfection?'

Civilization cannot merely be a growing totality of happenings that by chance have assumed a particular shape and tendency which we consider to be excellent. It must be the expression of some guiding moral force which we have evolved in our society for the object of attaining perfection. The word 'perfection' has a simple and definite meaning when applied to an inanimate thing or even to a creature whose life has principally a biological significance. But man being complex and always on the path of transcending himself, the meaning of the word 'perfection', as applied to him, cannot be crystallized into an inflexible idea. This has made it possible for different races to have different shades of definition for this term.

The Sanskrit word *dharma* is the nearest synonym in our own language that occurs to me for the word civilization. In fact, we have no other word except perhaps some newly-coined one, lifeless and devoid of atmosphere. The specific meaning of *dharma* is that principle which holds us firm together and leads us to our best welfare. The general meaning of this word is the essential quality of a thing.

*Dharma* for man is the best expression of what he is in truth. He may reject *dharma* and may choose to be an animal or a machine and thereby may not injure himself, may even gain strength and wealth from an external and material point of view; yet this will be worse than death for him as a man. It has been said in our scriptures: *Through a-dharma (the negation of dharma) man prospers, gains what appears desirable, conquers enemies, but perishes at the root.*

One who is merely a comfortable money-making machine does not carry in himself the perfect manifesta-

tions of man. He is like a gaudily embroidered purse which is empty. He raises a rich altar in his life to the blind and deaf image of a yawning negation and all the costly sacrifices continually offered to it are poured into the mouth of an ever hungry abyss. And according to our scriptures, even while he swells and shouts and violently gesticulates, he perishes.

The same idea has been expressed by the great Chinese sage, Lao-tze, in a different manner, where he says: *One who may die, but will not perish, has life everlasting.* In this he also suggests that when a man reveals this truth he lives, and that truth itself is *dharma*. Civilization, according to this ideal, should be the expression of man's *dharma* in his corporate life.

We have for over a century been dragged by the prosperous West behind its chariot, choked by the dust, deafened by the noise, humbled by our own helplessness, and overwhelmed by the speed. We agreed to acknowledge that this chariot-drive was progress, and that progress was civilization. If we ever ventured to ask, 'Progress towards what, and progress for whom,' it was considered to be peculiarly and ridiculously oriental to entertain such doubts about the absoluteness of progress. Of late, a voice has come to us bidding us to take count not only of the scientific perfection of the chariot but of the depth of the ditches lying across its path.

Lately I read a paragraph in the *Nation*—the American weekly which is more frank than prudent in its espousal of truth—discussing the bombing of the Mahsud villages in Afghanistan by some British airmen. The incident commented upon by this paper happened when 'one of the bombing planes made a forced landing in the middle of a Mahsud village', and when 'the airmen emerged

unhurt from the wreckage only to face a committee of five or six old women, who had happened to escape the bombs, brandishing dangerous-looking knives.' The editor quotes from the London *Times* which runs thus:

'A delightful damsel took the airmen under her wing and lead them to a cave close by, and a *malik* (chieftain) took up his position at the entrance, keeping off the crowd of forty who had gathered round, shouting and waving knives. Bombs were still being dropped from the air, so the crowd, envious of the security of the cave, pressed in stiflingly, and the airmen pushed their way out in the teeth of the hostile demonstration... They were fed and were visited by neighbouring *maliks*, who were most friendly, and by a *mullah* (priest), who was equally pleasant. Women looked after the feeding arrangements, and supplies from Ladha, and Razmak arrived safely..... On the evening of the twenty-fourth they were escorted to Ladha, where they arrived at daybreak the next day. The escort disguised their captives as Mahsuds as a precaution against attack.....It is significant that the airmen's defenders were first found in the younger generation of both sexes.'

In the above narrative the fact comes out strongly that the West has made wonderful progress. She has opened her path across the ethereal region of the earth; the explosive force of the bomb has developed its mechanical power of wholesale destruction to a degree that could be represented in the past only by the personal valour of a large number of men. But such enormous progress has made Man diminutive. He proudly imagines that he expresses himself when he displays the things that he produces and the power that he holds in his hands. The bigness of the results and the mechanical perfection of

the apparatus hide from him the fact that the Man in him has been smothered.

When I was a child I had the freedom to make my own toys out of trifles and create my own games from imagination. In my happiness my playmates had their full share; in fact the complete enjoyment of my games depended upon their taking part in them. One day, in this paradise of our childhood, entered a temptation from the market world of the adult.

A toy bought from an English shop was given to one of our companions; it was perfect, it was big, wonderfully life-like. He became proud of the toy and less mindful of the game; he kept that expensive thing carefully away from us, glorying in his exclusive possession of it, feeling himself superior to his playmates whose toys were cheap. I am sure if he could use the modern language of history he would say that he was more civilized than ourselves to the extent of his owning that ridiculously perfect toy.

One thing he failed to realize in his excitement—a fact which at the moment seemed to him insignificant—that this temptation obscured something a great deal more perfect than his toy, the revelation of the perfect child. The toy merely expressed his wealth, but not the child's creative spirit, not the child's generous joy in his play, his open invitation to all who were his compeers to his play-world.

Those people who went to bomb the Mahsud villages measured their civilization by the perfect effectiveness of their instruments which were their latest scientific toys. So strongly do they realize the value of these things that they are ready to tax to the utmost limit of endurance their own people, as well as those others who may occasionally have the chance to taste in their own

persons the deadly perfection of these machines. This tax does not merely consist in money but in humanity. These people put the birth-rate of the toy against the death-rate of man; and they seem happy. Their science makes their prodigious success so utterly cheap on the material side, that they do not care to count the cost which their spirit has to bear.

On the other hand, those Mahsuds that protected the airmen -- who had come to kill them—were primitively crude in their possession of life's toys. But they showed the utmost carefulness in proving the human truth through which they could express their personality. From the so-called Nordic point of view, the point of view of the would-be rulers of men, this was foolish.

According to a Mahsud, hospitality is a quality by which he is known as a man and, therefore, he cannot afford to miss his opportunity, even when dealing with someone who can be systematically relentless in enmity. From the practical point of view, the Mahsud pays for this very dearly, as we must always pay for that which we hold most valuable. It is the mission of civilization to set for us the right standard of valuation. The Mahsud may have many faults for which he should be held accountable; but that, which has imparted for him more value to hospitality than to revenge, may not be called progress, but is certainly civilization.

The ruthlessness, which at a time of crisis disdains to be too scrupulous in extirpating some cause of trouble, and uses its indiscriminate weapon against the guilty and the innocent, the combatant and the non-combatant, is certainly useful. Through such thoroughly unfeeling methods men prosper, they find what they consider desir-

able, they conquer their enemies—but there they stop, incomplete.

We can imagine some awful experiment in creation that began at the tail-end and abruptly stopped when the stomach was finished. The creature's power of digestion is perfect, so it goes on growing stout, but the result is not beautiful. At the beginning of the late war, when monstrosities of this description appeared in various forms, Western humanity shrank for a moment at the sight. But now she seems to admire them, for they are fondly added to other broods of ugliness in her nursery. Terrific movements, produced by such abnormalities of truncated life, may widen the path of what is called progress for those who want to be rulers of men, but certainly they do not belong to civilization.

Once there was an occasion for me to motor down to Calcutta from a place a hundred miles away. Something wrong with the mechanism made it necessary for us to have a repeated supply of water almost every half an hour. At the first village where we were compelled to stop, we asked the help of a man to find water for us. It proved quite a task for him, but when we offered him his reward, poor though he was, he refused to accept it. In fifteen other villages the same thing happened. In a hot country where travellers constantly need water, and where the water supply grows scanty in summer, the villagers consider it their duty to offer water to those who need it. They could easily make a business out of it following the inexorable law of demand and supply. But the ideal which they consider to be their *dharma* has become one with their life. To ask them to sell it is like asking them to sell their life. They do not claim any personal merit for possessing it.

To be able to take a considerable amount of trouble in order to supply water to a passing stranger and yet never to claim merit or reward for it seems absurdly and negligibly simple compared with the capacity to produce an amazing number of things per minute. A millionaire tourist ready to corner the food market and grow rich by driving the whole world to the brink of starvation is sure to feel too superior to notice this simple thing while rushing through our villages at sixty miles an hour. For it is not aggressive like a telegraph pole that pokes our attention with its hugely long finger, or resounding like his own motor engine that shouts its discourtesy to the silent music of the spheres.

Yes, it is simple ; but that simplicity is the product of centuries of culture ; that simplicity is difficult of imitation. In a few years' time it might be possible for me to learn how to make holes in thousands of needles instantaneously by turning a wheel, but to be absolutely simple in one's hospitality to one's enemy or to a stranger requires generations of training. Simplicity takes no account of its own value, claims no wages, and, therefore, those who are enamoured of power do not realize that simplicity of spiritual expression is the highest product of civilization.

A process of disintegration can kill this rare fruit of a higher life, as a whole race of birds possessing some rare beauty can be made extinct, by the vulgar power of avarice which has civilized weapons. This fact was clearly proved to me when I found that the only place where a price was expected for the water given to us was when we reached a suburb of Calcutta, where life was richer, the water supply easier and more abundant, and where progress flowed in numerous channels in all directions.

We have heard from the scientist that an atom consists of a nucleus drawing its companions round it in a rhythm of dance and thus forms a perfect unit. A civilization remains healthy and strong as long as it contains in its centre some creative ideal that binds its members in a rhythm of relationship. It is a relationship which is beautiful and not merely utilitarian. When this creative ideal which is *dharma* gives place to some overmastering passion, then this civilization bursts into conflagration like a star that has lighted its own funeral pyre. From its modest moderation of light this civilization flares up into a blaze of the first magnitude, only for its boisterous brilliancy to end in violent extinction.

Western society, for some ages, had for its central motive force a great spiritual idea and not merely an impetus to progress. It had its religious faith which was actively busy in bringing about reconciliation among the conflicting forces of society. What it held to be of immense value was the perfection of human relationship, to be obtained by controlling the egoistic instincts of man, and by giving him a philosophy of his fundamental unity. In the course of the last two centuries, however, the West found access to Nature's storehouse of power, and ever since all its attention has irresistibly been drawn in that direction. Its inner ideal of civilization has thus been pushed aside by the love of power.

Man's ideal has for its field of activity the whole of human nature from its depth to its height. The light of this ideal is gentle because diffused, its life is subdued because all-embracing. It is serene because it is great; it is meek because it is comprehensive. But our passion is narrow; its limited field gives it an intensity of impulse. Such an aggressive force of greed has of late possessed

the Western mind. This has happened within a very short period, and has created a sudden deluge of things smothering all time and space over the earth. All that was human is being broken into fragments.

In trying to maintain some semblance of unity among such a chaos of fractions, organizations are established for manufacturing, in a wholesale quantity, peace, or piety, or social welfare. But such organizations can never have the character of a perfect unit. Surely they are needed as we need our drinking vessels, but more for the water than for overselves. They are mere burdens by themselves as they are; and if we take pleasure in multiplying them indefinitely the result may be astoundingly clever, but crushingly fatal to life.

I have read somewhere an observation of Plato in which he says: 'An intelligent and socialized community will continue to grow only as long as it can remain a unit; beyond that point growth must cease, or the community will disintegrate and cease to be an organic being'. That spirit of the unit is only maintained when its nucleus is some living sentiment of *dharma*, leading to co-operation and to a common sharing of life's gifts.

Lao-tze has said : *Not knowing the eternal causes of passions to rise : and that is evil.* Comforts and conveniences are pursued, things are multiplied, the eternal is obscured, the passions are roused, and the evil marches triumphant from continent to continent mutilating man and crushing under its callous tread life's bloom—the product of the Mother-heart that dwells in the sanctuary of human nature. And we are asked to build triumphal arches for this march of death. Let us at least refuse to acknowledge its victory; even if we cannot retard its progress. Let us die, as your Lao-tze has said, and yet not perish.

It is said in our scriptures : *In greed is sin, in sin, death.*

Your philosopher has said : *No greater calamity than greed.* These sentences carry the wisdom of ages. When greed becomes the dominant character of a people, it forebodes destruction for them, and no mere organization like the League of Nations can ever save them. To let the flood of self-seeking flow unchecked from the heart of the nation and at the same time try to build an outer dam across its path can never succeed. The deluge will burst forth with a greater force because of the resistance. Lao-tze says : *Not self-seeking, he gaineth life.* Life's principle is in this, and, therefore, in a society all the trainings and teachings that make for life are those that help us in our control of selfish greed.

When civilization was living, that is to say, when most of its movements were related to an inner ideal and not to an external compulsion, then money had not the same value as it has now. Do you not realize what an immense difference that fact has made in our life, and how barbarously it has cheapened those things which are invaluable in our inheritance ? We have grown so used to this calamitous change that we do not fully realize the indignity it imposes upon us.

I ask you to imagine a day, if it does ever come, when in a meeting everybody will leave his chair and stand up in awe if a man enters there who has a greater number of human skulls strung in his necklace than have his fellow-beings. We can have no hesitation today in admitting that this would be pure barbarism. Are there no other tokens of a similar degradation for man—are there no other forms of human skulls than those which the savages so proudly wear ?

In olden times the mere hoarding of millions was never considered as wealth unless it had some crown of glory with which to proclaim its ideal greatness. In the East as well as in the West, man, in order to save his inherent dignity, positively despised money that represented merely a right of possession and no moral responsibility. Money-making as a profession was everywhere contemptuously treated, and men who made big profits the sole end of their life were looked down upon.

There was a time in India when our Brahmins were held in reverence, not only for their learning and purity of life, but for their utter indifference to material wealth. This only shows that our society was fully conscious that its very life depended upon its ideals, which were never to be insulted by anything that belonged to a passion for self-seeking. But because today progress is considered to be characteristic of civilization, and because this progress goes on gathering an unending material extension, money has established its universal sovereignty. For in this world of ambition money is the central power-house sending impulses in all directions.

In former days, the monarchs of men were not ashamed humbly to pay their respect to men of intellect or those who had spiritual or creative gifts. For the qualities of the higher life were the motive force of the civilization of those times. But today, men, whatever their position, never think that they are humiliating themselves when they offer their homage to men of corpulent cash, not always because they expect any benefit therefrom, but because of the bare fact of its possession. This denotes a defeat of the complete man by the material man. This huge degradation, like a slimy reptile, has spread its coils round the whole human world. Before we can rescue

humanity from the bondage of its interminable tail, we must free our mind from the sacrilege of worship offered to this unholy power, this evil dragon which can never be the presiding deity of the civilization of man.

I am sure you know that this soulless progeny of greed has already opened its elastic jaws wide over the fair limbs of your country, wider perhaps than in any other part of the world. I earnestly hope that you will develop some means to rescue her from her destination towards the hollow of its interior.

But the danger is not so much from the enemy who attacks, but from the defender who may betray. It fills my heart with a great feeling of dismay when, among your present generation of young men, I see signs of their succumbing to the depravity of fascination for an evil power which allures with its enormity. They go about seeking for civilization amongst the wilderness of skyscrapers, in the shrieking headlines of news-journals, and the shouting vociferation of demagogues. They leave their own great prophets who had a far-seeing vision of truth, and roam in the dusk begging for the loan of light from some glow-worm which can only hold its niggardly lantern for the purpose of crawling towards its nearest dust.

They will learn the meaning of the word civilization when they come back home and truly understand what their great master, Lao-tze wanted to teach when he said : *Those who have virtue attend to their obligations; those who have no virtue attend to their claims.* In this saying he has expressed in a few words what I have tried to explain in this paper. Progress which is not related to an inner ideal, but to an attraction which is external, seeks to

satisfy our endless claims. But civilization which is an ideal gives us power and joy to fulfil our obligations.

About the stiffening of life and hardening of heart caused by the organization of power and production, he says with profound truth:

*The grass as well as the trees, while they live, are tender and supple; when they die they are rigid and dry. Thus the hard and the strong are the companions of death. The tender and the delicate are the companions of life. Therefore, he who in arms is strong, will not conquer. The strong and the great stay below. The tender and the delicate stay above.*

Our sage in India says, as I have quoted before : *By the help of anti-dharma men prosper, they find what they desire, they conquer enemies, but they perish at the root. The wealth which is not welfare grows with rapid vigour, but it carries within itself the seed of death. This wealth has been nourished in the West by the blood of men, and the harvest is ripening. The same warning was also given centuries ago by your sage when he said : Things thrive and then grow old. This is called Un-Reason. Un-Reason soon ceases.*

Our living society, which should have dance in its steps, music in its voice, beauty in its limbs, which should have its metaphor in stars and flowers, maintaining its harmony with God's creation, becomes, under the tyranny of prolific greed, like an overladen market-cart jolting and creaking on the road that leads from things to the Nothing, tearing ugly ruts across the green life till it breaks down under the burden of its vulgarity on the wayside, reaching nowhere. For, *this is called Un-Reason, as your teacher has said, and Un-Reason soon ceases.*

## ON READING GREAT POETRY

MATTHEW ARNOLD

'The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact: it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry.'

Let me be permitted to quote these words of my own, as uttering the thought which should, in my opinion, go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry. In the present work it is the course of one great contributory stream to the world-river of poetry that we are invited to follow. We are here invited to trace the stream of English poetry. But whether we set ourselves, as here, to follow only one of the several streams that make the mighty river of poetry, or whether we seek to know them all, our governing thought should be the same. We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly

than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science': and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge': our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite beings; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry.

But if we conceive thus highly of the destinies of poetry, we must also set our standard of poetry high, since poetry, to be capable of fulfilling such high destinies, must be poetry of a high order of excellence. We must accustom ourselves to a high standard and to a strict judgment. Sainte-Beuve relates that Napoleon one day said, when somebody

was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan : 'charlatan as much as you please : but where is there *not* charlatanism ?' 'Yes,' answers Sainte-Beuve, 'in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thoughts, in art, the glory, the eternal honour is that charlatanism shall find no entrance ; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being.' It is admirably said, and let us hold fast to it. In poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honour, that charlatanism shall find no entrance ; that this noble sphere be kept inviolate and inviolable. Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true. It is only charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse or obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half-sound, true and untrue or only half-true, is of paramount importance. It is of paramount importance because of the high destinies of poetry. In poetry, as a criticism of life under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of Poetic truth and poetic beauty, the spirit of our race will find, we have said, as time goes on and as other helps fail, its consolation and stay. But the consolation and stay will be of power in proportion to the power of the criticism of life. And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound or half-sound, true rather than untrue or half-true.

The best poetry is what we want ; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining and delighting us, as nothing else can. A clearer, deeper, sense of the best in poetry, and the strength and joy to be drawn from it, is the most precious benefit which we can gather from a poetical collection such as the present. And yet in the very nature and conduct of such a collection there is inevitably something which tends to obscure in us the consciousness of what our benefit should be, and to distract us from the pursuit of it. We should therefore steadily set it before our minds at the outset, and should compel ourselves to revert constantly to the thought of it as we proceed.

Yes ; constantly, in reading poetry, a sense of the best, the really excellent, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it, should be present in our minds and should govern our estimate of what we read. But this real estimate, the only true one, is liable to be superseded, if we are not watchful, by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, they may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves, and they may count to us really. They may count to us historically. The course of development of a nation's language, thought and poetry is profoundly interesting ; and by regarding a poet's work as a stage in this course of development we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is, we may come to use a language of quite exaggerated praise in criticizing it ; in short, to overrate it. So arises in our poetic

judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic. Then, again, a poet or a poem may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances, have great power to sway our estimate of this or that poet's work, and to make us attach more importance to it as poetry than in itself it really possesses, because to us it is, or has been of high importance. Here also we overrate the object of our interest, and apply to it a language of praise which is quite exaggerated. And thus we get the source of a second fallacy in our poetic judgments,—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal.

Both fallacies are natural. It is evident how naturally the study of the history and development of poetry may incline a man to pause over reputation, and works once conspicuous but now obscure, and to quarrel with a careless public for skipping, in obedience to mere tradition and habit, from one famous name or work in its national poetry to another, ignorant of what it misses, and of the reason for keeping what it keeps, and of the whole process of growth in its poetry. The French have become diligent students of their own early poetry, which they long neglected; the study makes many of them dissatisfied with their so-called classical poetry, the court-tragedy of the seventeenth century. The dissatisfaction is natural; yet a lively and accomplished critic, M. Charles d'Hericault, goes too far when he says that 'the cloud of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of a literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history.' 'It hinders,' he goes

on, 'it hinders us from seeing more than one single point, the culminating exceptional point ; the summary, fictitious and arbitrary, of a thought and of a work. It substitutes a halo for a physiognomy, it puts a statue where there was once a man, and hiding from us all trace of the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures, it claims not study but veneration ; it does not show us how the thing is done, it imposes upon us a model. Above all, for the historian this creation of classic personages is inadmissible ; for it withdraws the poet from his time, from his proper life, it breaks historical relationships, it blinds criticism by conventional admiration, and renders the investigation of literary origins unacceptable. It gives us a human personage no longer, but a God seated immovable amidst his perfect work, like Jupiter on Olympus and hardly will it be possible for the young student, to whom such work is exhibited at such a distance from him to believe that it did not issue ready-made from that divine head.'

All this is brilliantly and tellingly said, but we must plead for a distinction. Everything depends on the reality of a poet's classic character. If he is a dubious classic, let us sift him ; if he is a false classic let us explode him. But if he is a real classic, if his work belongs to the class of the very best (for this is the truth and right meaning of the word *classic*, *classical*), then the great thing for us is to feel and enjoy his work as deeply as ever we can, and to appreciate the wide difference between it and all work which has not the same high character. This is what is salutary, this is what is formative ; this is the great benefit to be got from the study of poetry. Everything which interferes with it, which

hinders it, is injurious. True, we must read our classic with open eyes, and not with eyes blinded with superstition ; we must perceive when his work comes short, when it drops out of the class of the very best, and we must rate it, in such cases, at its proper value. But the use of this negative criticism is not in itself, it is entirely in its enabling us to have a clearer sense and a deeper enjoyment of what is truly excellent. To trace the labour, the attempts, the weaknesses, the failures of a genuine classic, to acquaint oneself with his time and his life and his historical relationships, is mere literary dilettantism unless it has that clear sense and deeper enjoyment for its end. It may be said that the more we know about a classic the better we shall enjoy him ; and, if we lived as long as Methuselah and had all of us heads of perfect clearness and wills of perfect steadfastness, this might be true in fact as it is plausible in theory. But the case here is much the same as the case with the Greek and Latin studies of our schoolboys. The elaborate philological groundwork which we require them to lay is in theory an admirable preparation for appreciating the Greek and Latin authors worthily. The more thoroughly we lay groundwork, the better we shall be able, it may be said, to enjoy the authors. True, if time were not so short, and schoolboys' wits not so soon tried and their power of attention exhausted ; only, as it is, the elaborate philological preparation goes on, but the authors are little known and less enjoyed. So with the investigator of 'historic origins' in poetry. He ought to enjoy the true classic all the better for his investigations ; he often is distracted from the enjoyment of the best, and with less good he overbusies himself, and is prone to overrate it in proportion to the trouble which it has cost him.



*THE BUSINESS  
OF PLEASURE*



## AN APOLOGY FOR IDLERS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

‘Boswell: We grow weary when idle.

Johnson: That is, sir, because others being busy, we want ‘company ; but if we were idle, there would be no growing weary : we should all entertain one another.’

Just now, when every one is bound under pain of decree in absence convicting them of *lese-respectability*, to enter on some lucrative profession and labour therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry for the opposite party who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savours a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should not be. Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter the great handicap race for six-penny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for the sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, ‘goes for’ them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the way-

side, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbows. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success ? It is a sore thing to have laboured along and scaled the arduous hilltops and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievements. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry but you can be sent to Coventry for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please do remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favour of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot

in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman who addressed Johnson at Oxford in these words: 'Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.' The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shallott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full vivid instructive hours of truancy that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and working in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of Kinetic Stability. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant. This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of Dickens and of Balzac, and

turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this; if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the garden-ed suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Wordly Wiseman, accosting such a one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:—

‘How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?’

‘Truly, sir, I take mine ease.’

‘Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?’

‘Nay, but thus also I follow after learning, by your leave.’

‘Learning, quotha ! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?’

‘No, to be sure.’

‘Is it metaphysics?’

‘Nor that’.

‘Is it some language?’

‘Nay it is no language.’

‘Is it a trade?’

‘Nor a trade neither.’

‘Why, then what is it?’

‘Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Tickets on the Road ; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace or Contentment.’

Hereupon, Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much moved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatening countenance, broke forth upon this wise : ‘Learning, quotha !’ said he, I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman !’

And so he would go his way, ruffeing out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spreads its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman’s is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by ; or else you are not inquiring at all only lounging ; and the workhouse is too good for you. It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope. Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence ; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter XX, which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter XXXIX, which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There

is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science ; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While others are filling their memory with a number of words, one half of which they will forget before the week is out, your truant may learn some really useful art : to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have plied their book diligently, and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanour, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain under-bred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meanwhile there goes the idler, who began life alongwith them—by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits ; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind ; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the businessman some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. He will not be heard among the dogmatists. He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will

identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a byroad, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Common-sense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect ; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions 'into' the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness ; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape ; many fire-lit parlours ; good people laughing, drinking and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution ; and old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality ; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity ; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations ; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake ; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk : they *cannot* be

idle, their nature is not generous, enough ; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for the train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated; and yet possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eye-sight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school or college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. And if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes, when he was twenty he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff box is empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright on a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being a Success of Life.

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits within a railway carriage or an omnibus. Perpetual

devotion to what a man calls his business, is only to be sustained by perpetual neglect of other things. And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon the Theatre of Life are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the result. You are, no doubt, very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? Though Falstaff was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or two long-faced Barabbases whom the world could better have done without. Hazlitt mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to Northcote, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favour has been done them at the cost of great pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six

sheets of letterpaper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half-an-hour pleasantly, perhaps, profitably, over an article of his ; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript with his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil ? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity ? Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest ; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favour is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves ; or when they are disclosed surprise no one so much as the benefactor. The other day, a ragged, barefoot boy ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set everybody, he passed, in a good humour ; one of these persons, who had been delivered from unusually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark : 'You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased.' If he had looked pleased before, he had now cause to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children ; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but on the stage ; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five

pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will ; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We do not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition ; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theory of the Livableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept ; but thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused ; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrial fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion ; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet, slippers and a leaden inkpot ; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name is all this pother about ? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives ? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not

finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full: and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your rare gifts? When nature is 'so careless of the single life,' why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in 'Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves,' the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharoah should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white

plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny ? And that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their forces was the bull's eye and central point of all the universe ? And yet it is not so: The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful ; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent ; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.



## 10,000 THINGS

ROBERT LYND

I was recently sent an advertisement of a work for the young, entitled *The World of Wonder*. The heading of the advertisement ran: '10,000 Things Every Child Should Know.' I could not help wondering, when I read this, whether the human brain is more precocious than it used to be and whether the modern child can be at least ten times cleverer than the children among whom I grew up. I am sure that in my own infancy no one expected me to know anything like 10,000 things. We were expected to know such things as the names of the Twelve Apostles, the Kings and Queens of England in the right order (with their wives and husbands), the area of Lake Michigan, the length of the Yangtze Kiang, the chief exports of the Gold Coast, the proof that the earth was round, the multiplication table, and, as we grew older, the French for 'pen' and 'aunt' and the Latin for 'O table !' But I doubt whether by the age of fifteen any of us could have answered even 1,000 questions, let alone 10,000.

Knowledge has undoubtedly increased since those days, and knowledge that was then thought valuable is now accounted valueless. There are modern schools, it is said, in which it is considered more important for a boy to know the facts of sex than to be able to name the books of the old Testament in the right order. This would have seemed very odd to my aunts. Even spelling was in the nineteenth century looked on as a more important branch of education than sex.

Spelling, however, is nowadays openly derided in some quarters as a study for pedants. Spelling itself has in some respects changed. Time was when we lost marks in an examination paper if we spelt 'judgment' with two 'e's. To-day the highest authorities tell us that the correct way to spell 'judgement' is with two 'e's. I do not think we need care very much how we spell a word, if we all spell it the same way; but it seems curious to teach the children of one generation that one spelling is right, and the children of the next that another spelling is right. Having made a mistake in spelling, our teachers should stick to it.

I am not sure that it matters a great deal what children are taught. They will forget most of it in any case. I have forgotten alike the order of the books of the old Testament and the names of the tributaries of the Danube. I do not remember either what causes frost or the name of the wife (if any) of the prophet Haggi. What chiefly matters, however, is to keep the brain and the memory of the child temporarily busy. This used to be done largely by lessons in Latin grammar and by teaching the dates of battles fought by races that have long since perished. It was as harmless a form of education as could be devised. I have heard many arguments against the teaching of Latin, but I never knew a boy to be seriously damaged by it. The very look of the first Latin word we see seems to me to awaken the imagination. It has the effect of foreign travel, taking us into a world, indeed, that is foreign to our own both in place and in time. I confess I fell in love with *mensa* at first sight, and I would not have exchanged the wall that Balbus built for the walls of Troy or of Derry. My elders declared that Latin grammar was

important, because it provided the ideal form of mental gymnastics; but I never believed so utilitarian an argument. What it provided me with was excitement—the excitement of stage and beautiful words set in a strange order, and, though I never became a scholar or pursued my studies very diligently, I am sure I got more pleasure from odd lines and snatches of Virgil and Horace than from *Arabian Nights*.

Many men, looking back on their schooldays, declare that they were bored by their Roman studies, but I never worked hard enough to be bored. Even in the English class I was a tolerant listener, though I came near being bored by the verse narratives of Sir Walter Scott. In this respect I find that I am in a small minority, for Sir Walter's verse as a rule stirs the boyish heart. For myself, I was a devotee of his prose, but had no relish for learning his cantos by heart at the rate of twenty lines a day. Milton, on the other hand, because of the flavour of his phrases, was as exciting as a Latin exercise. Many people say that you spoil great poetry for the young by turning it into a school lesson, but I believe this to be nonsense. If you meet a man who says that he cannot read Shakespeare because he had to learn the plays at school, you may be reasonably sure that the tastes with which he was born lay outside Shakespeare. I doubt whether the taste for poetry can be destroyed by teaching children either good poetry or bad. I sometimes wonder, indeed, whether anything is of very much importance in education except the character of the teacher.

If I have any grudge against the schools that I attended it is that they made no effort to dispel our ignorance of the history or the natural history of our countryside.

There was enough legend and history at our doors to stack an *Iliad*, yet, apart from a few dry-as-dust facts, we were told none of it. As for nature, we learnt more about the mountains of Central America than about the birds that sang in our gardens, the trees that grew in our parks, and the flowers of the field. It may be that there are compensations for such ignorance, for we can enjoy the excitement of a second childhood in later life when we discover the treasures amid which we grew up so blind. At the same time I think, the happiness of childhood is enormously enlarged by a knowledge of the appearances and the songs of the birds and by the ability to recognize and name the flowers and the butterflies as they return at their proper season. It may be thought that anyone born with a taste for such things would develop it without tuition, and this is possibly true of the child born in the country. The town-bred child, however, is a prisoner of the town during the most exuberant time of the year and has almost as little chance of knowing the birds and the flowers as of knowing Latin grammar, unless his elders direct his imagination to them. Seldom visiting the country except in high summer, I was better acquainted with the breeds of farmyard poultry than with the birds in the trees and hedges. I do not mean to say that I did not know the difference between a wren and a yellow-hammar, but I was more than thirty years old before I could recognize the song of a hedge-sparrow. Yet the song of the hedge-sparrow is, I hold, one of the 10,000 things every child should know.

It is to my mind—at least, for persons like myself—more important to know the song of a hedge-sparrow than to know 'the working of locomotives, the Diesel

engine, a gas engine, and even the working of our own muscles and nerves,' illustrations of which are provided for the young in *The World of Wonder*. There are, I believe, many children who are constitutionally incapable of understanding the working of a machine. I cannot even understand the working of my motor car. I know what ensues when I press the accelerator or put on the brake ; but what exactly takes place in the bowels of the car when I press the accelerator I should be puzzled to explain in an examination paper. It is the same with my portable wireless-set. I do not know why by tuning this small box in a certain direction and by fiddling with a knob and a wheel I can persuade waves of sound into my room from Moscow. I do not know what part the accumulator plays in the mystery, or what part the dry battery. I can make use of these things for practical purposes, but I am as ignorant of their working as of the working of my digestive system. I should like to know about them, but in matters of science and machinery I quickly get out of my depth and realize that it would be useless to try to go further. Obviously, it is important that a certain proportion of children should know these things, and probably in an age of machinery a greater and greater proportion of children will get to know them ; but for myself and others like me, they must remain as unattainable as the peak of Everest.

It is possible that if I bought *The World of Wonder* I should find myself an entranced discoverer of a new world of knowledge as I was when I first began to know a little about birds and flowers. The scales might suddenly fall from my eyes, and I might feel the same initiate's excitement that I felt when I first opened a Latin Grammar. I would give a great deal to possess not

only an appetite for knowledge but the power to absorb it. If ever I acquire this, it will certainly be from a book written for children, for I shall have to go back to the ABC of the matter. An elderly man in a hotel told me some years ago that he was a regular subscriber to a child's magazine, because it was full of really exciting and informing articles about things that he had always wanted to understand. Perhaps *The World of Wonder* will perform me as useful a service. I can at least have a shot at the working of the Diesel engine. If I can understand that, I shall live in the hope of being able in the course of time to meet the modern child as an intellectual equal.

## ON GOING A JOURNEY

WILLIAM HAZLITT

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey ; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room ; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude: nor do I ask for—  
—a friend in my retreat,

Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediment, and of all inconveniences ; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where  
Contemplation,

May plume her feathers, and let grow her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd, that I absent myself from the town for a while without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet a winding road before me, and three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking ! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lonely heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sumless treasures', burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis more than I do ; but sometimes I had rather been without them. 'Leave, oh, leave, me to my repose !' I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me 'very stuff of the conscience'. Is not this old rose sweet without a comment? does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from

here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and, therefore, prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. 'Out upon such half-faced fellowship,' say I. I like to be either entirely to myself or entirely at the disposal of others to talk or be silent to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that 'he thought it a bad French custom to drink wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time.' So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. 'Let me have a companion of my way,' says Sterne, 'were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines.' It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid. If you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the dawn of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is

impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a beanfield crossing the road, perhaps your fellow traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance of affectation ; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must 'give it an understanding, but no tongue'. My old friend Coleridge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. 'He talked far above singing.' If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I

might perhaps wish to have someone with me to admire the swelling theme ; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had 'that fine madness in them which our first poets had', and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed some such strain as the following.

—————Here be woods as green  
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet  
As when the smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as many  
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any :  
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells  
Arbours o'er-grown with woodbines, caves and dells  
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,  
Or gather rushes to make many a ring  
For thy long finders ; tell thee tales of love,  
How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,  
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
She took eternal fire that never dies ;  
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,  
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light  
To kiss her sweetest————

*Faithful Shepherdess.*

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds : but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot : I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects : it should be reserved for Table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors ; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey ; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom ; and then after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to take one's ease at one's inn ! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop ; they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is after drinking whole goblets of tea,

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,  
and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet ! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*procul, O procul este profani* ! These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling

thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon. I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your 'unhoused free condition is put into circumscription and confine!' The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—'lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name!' Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion, to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting, personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour*. One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pre-

tensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture ; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world : an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society ! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been entirely to myself and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at S. Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn standing up in the boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day. It was on the tenth of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the New Eloise, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which S. Preux describes his feelings as he caught a glimpse from the heights of Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birth-day, and I had for the first time come

from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks, below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time 'glittered green with sunny showers', and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poem ! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not. Still, I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot ; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced ! I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separated me from what I was then. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now ? Not only myself have changed ; the world, which was then new to me, has

become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O Sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert ; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely !

There is hardly anything that shows the shortsightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again ; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it : the horizon that shuts it from our sight, also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town and in the town we despise the country. 'Beyond Hyde Park,' says Sir Forpling Flutter, 'all is a desert.' All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making

an image voluminous and vast ;—the mind can form no larger ideal of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written on a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China to us ? An inch of paste-board on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange ! Things near us are seen of the size of life : things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot, as it were, unfold the whole web of our existence ; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember the circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten !—To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about.

The sentiment here is not tacit but communicable, and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear any discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet by the way. 'The mind is its own place'; nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity; I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *eclat*—shewed them that seat of the Muses at a distance.

With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd—descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blehnheim quite superseded the powdered Cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, his relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen; there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations so

opposite to all one's ordinary ideas, one seems as a species by one's self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, sent an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over 'the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France', erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!—There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else: but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and like a dream—or another state or existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must 'jump' all our present comforts and connexions. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the

facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense, instructive ; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as to our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings.

Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a time from the ties and objects that recall them : but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life travelling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home !—

## DREAM JOURNEYS

A. G. Gardiner

I had a singular dream last night. I found myself on Robinson • Crusoe's Island and, curiously enough, in Robinson Crusoe's role. In the bright sunshine, by the sea-shore, I was turning over the stores of eatables, chiefly bags of potatoes, it seemed to me, that were lying about. There was abundance to go on with and I did not feel at all disturbed at the prospect of not being called for for many a long day. I was alone, but without the sense of solitude. Indeed, I was entirely happy and free from care. I feel, even now that I am awake, the glow of the warm sunshine and the peace of the sands and the sea. Most dreams are easily traceable to some waking circumstances, and this quite enjoyable spiritual experience was, I suppose, due to a conversation I had had about Honolulu and my regret that I was never likely to see the islands of the Pacific. The friendly spirit who has charge of my dreams evidently took the hint and wafted me away to Juan Fernandez. I am half-disposed, so pleasant is the memory, to regret that he did not leave me there, wrapped in immortal dreams of plenty, peace and sunshine.

I shall repeat the experiment of nudging my amiable djinn into agreeable activity. I have a great many schemes to put before him, and if my friends discover that I am talking with enthusiasm about Pizarro they will know that I am putting in a plea with the director of dreams for a trip to Peru, and that if I am unusually concerned even distressed, about the fate of Mummery, or the importance of conquering Mount Everest, I have in mind the possibility of a climbing excursion in the Himalayas. It is an excellent way of filling up the blanks in one's experience.

As we get on in years we become conscious of those blanks. We feel that we are in danger of missing much of the show we came to see. While we are young, say upto fifty, we are not troubled. There seems plenty of time still to do everything worth doing, and see everything worth seeing. But after fifty the horizon shrinks most alarmingly, or perhaps it would be truer to say that it expands most alarmingly, and we find that, not only is Heaven, as Hood said, farther off than it seems in childhood, but that the desirable places of the earth have become more inaccessible. When I was a boy and had my imagination stirred by tales of the backwoods and Russell's songs about

The land of the free

Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea.

I had no doubt that I should one day roll down with it, probably in a canoe, with a friendly Indian. Everything seemed possible then. Life was so enormously long an affair that the only disturbing thought was how you would be able to fit it up, and you had no more idea of missing a trip up the Amazon or seeing the Rockies and Niagara and the Grand Canon when you grew up than of not being privileged to smoke a pipe or to have a latchkey or to go to Lord's or the Oval and see Grace whenever you felt inclined.

In this comfortable conviction that we shall do everything in good time we jog along doing nothing in particular, getting more and more like the donkey we used to see at Carisbrooke Castle years ago, tramping round and round its tread-mill without ever reaching anywhere. We are not disquieted. We feel that any day in the infinite days before us we shall be threading the Thousand Islands or climbing the Heights of Abraham,

or seeing the sunrise in the Oberland or sunset in Venice, or the dawn coming up like thunder on the road to Mandalay, or standing in the Coliseum at Rome or among the ruins of Carthage or Timgad, or sailing among the isles of Greece or catching the spicy breezes that according to the hymn of the good Bishop Heber, whom we could not suspect of romancing, come from Ceylon's favoured isle.

And so with other things. One day, assuredly, we shall take to horse-riding, and canter gaily round Rotten Row, or we shall go yachting in the Mediterranean or shooting in Scotland. And think of the books we shall read in the enormous leisure that lies before us. There is that fellow Karl Marx, for example. He certainly must be read—some day. It is absurd not to know what he said, when all the world goes on babbling so learnedly about him. No doubt he is a dull fellow, but we cannot, of course, leave the world without knowing why he created such a hubbub. And there are a lot of other high-brows that we shall become acquainted with in good time. We shall really study those categorical imperatives of the illustrious Kant, and the monism of Spinoza, and the *Leviathan* and the *Novum Organum* and a score of other solemn books that ought to be read and must be read—some day. We are not worried about these things. We have years and years before us, and shall need some stout fellows like these to make the time pass by.

That is how we drift until, somewhere in the fifties, we begin to suspect that we are cutting it rather fine, and that all those riches of experience

that we confidently expected to enjoy and those intellectual conquests that we intended to make are slipping beyond our grasp. Karl Marx is still joyfully unthumbed, the *Novum Organum* still beckons us unavailingly from the abode where the eternal are, and we are still hazy about the categorical imperatives of the illustrious Kant. The call of the mighty Missouri falls faint on our ears, and Ceylon's spicy breezes we have to take at second-hand from the saintly Heber. We are chained to the No. 16 bus to Cricklewood or the tube to Shepherd's Bush, and when we break loose we find ourselves on the pier at Brighton or heroically scaling Beachy Head. We pass our dreams of adventure on to hopeful and undazzled youth, browsing greedily in the breathless pages of Prescott. We are not even sure that we want to go now, so habituated have we become to the familiar tread-mill. I daresay the Carisbrooke donkey would have been broken-hearted at the idea of a trip to Cowes. We are like Johnson when he was asked if he would not like to see Giant's Causeway. "Sir, I should like to see it, but I should not like *to go to see it.*"

It would be pleasant if we could educate our dreams to spirit us away without all the trouble of tickets and luggage and travel to the sights and experiences we have missed. Do not tell me it would be an idle illusion. There was no illusion in my island. I can see it in my mind as clearly as any place I ever visited in the flesh, and if I had the skill I could draw its hills and paint its tranquil sea and sunny sands for you. To-night I hope to spend with Mummery in the Alps.

## *A FEW THOUGHTS ON SLEEP*

LEIGH HUNT

This is an article for the reader to think of when he or she is warm in bed, a little before he goes to sleep, the clothes at his ear, and the wind moaning in some distant crevice.

‘Blessings,’ exclaimed Sancho, ‘on him that first invented sleep ! it wraps a man all round like a cloak.’ It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past : the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful : the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one:—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child;—the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—‘tis closing ; —’tis more closing;—’tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

It is said that sleep is best before midnight: and Nature herself, with her darkness and chilling dews, informs us so. There is another reason for going to bed betimes; for it is universally acknowledged that lying late in the morning is a great shortener of life. At least, it is never found in company with longevity. It also tends to make people corpulent. But these matters belong rather to the subject of early rising than of sleep.

Sleep at a late hour in the morning is not half so pleasant as the more timely one. It is sometimes, however,

excusable, especially to a watchful or overworked head ; neither can we deny the seducing merits of 'the other doze,' — the pleasing wilfulness of nestling in a new posture, when you know you ought to be up, like the rest of the house. But then you cut up the day, and you sleep the next night.

In the course of the day few people think of sleeping, except after dinner ; and then it is often rather a hovering and nodding on the borders of sleep than sleep itself. This is a privilege allowable, we think, to none but the old, or the sickly, or the very tired and care-worn, and it should be well understood before it is exercised in company. To escape into slumber from an argument ; or to take it as an affair of course, only between you and your biliary duct ; or to assent with voluntary nods to all that you have just been disputing, is not so well ; much less, to sit nodding and tottering beside a lady ; or to be in danger of dropping your head into the fruit-plate or your host's face ; or of waking up, and saying 'Just so' to the bark of a dog ; or 'Yes, Madam' to the black at your elbow.'

Care-worn people, however, might refresh themselves oftener with day-sleep than they do ; if their bodily state is such as to dispose them to it. It is a mistake to suppose that all care is wakeful. People sometimes sleep, as well as wake, by reason of their sorrow. The difference seems to depend upon the nature of their temperament ; though in the *most* excessive cases, sleep is perhaps Nature's never-failing relief, as swooning is upon the rack. A person with jaundice in his blood shall lie down and go to sleep at noonday, when another of a different complexion shall find his eyes as uncloseable as a statue's, though he has had no sleep for nights together. Without meaning to

lessen the dignity of suffering, which has quite enough to do with its waking hours, it is this that may often account for the profound sleeps enjoyed the night before hazardous battles, executions, and other demands upon an over-excited spirit.

The most complete and healthy sleep that can be taken in the day is in the summer-time, out in a field. There is perhaps, no solitary sensation so exquisite as that of slumbering on the grass or hay, shaded from the hot sun by a tree, with the consciousness of a fresh but light air running through the wide atmosphere, and the sky stretching far overhead upon all sides. Earth, and heaven, and a placid humanity seem to have the creation to themselves. There is nothing between the slumberer and the naked and glad innocence of nature.

Next to this, but at a long interval, the most relishing snatch of slumber out of bed is the one, which a tired person takes before he retires for the night, while lingering in his sitting-room. The consciousness of being very sleepy, and of having the power to go to bed immediately, gives zest to the unwillingness to move. Sometimes he sits nodding in his chair; but the sudden and leaden jerks of the head, to which a state of great sleepiness renders him liable, are generally too painful for so luxurious a moment; and he gets into a more legitimate posture, sitting sideways with his head on the chairback, or throwing his legs up at once on another chair, and half reclining. It is curious, however, to find how long an inconvenient posture will be borne for the sake of this foretaste of repose. The worst of it is, that on going to bed the charm sometimes vanishes; perhaps from the colder temperature of the chamber; for a fireside is a great opiate.

Speaking of the painful positions into which a sleepy loungee will get himself, it is amusing to think of the more fantastic attitudes that so often take place in bed. If we could add anything to the numberless things that have been said about sleep by the poets, it would be upon this point. Sleep ever shows himself a greater leveller. A man in his waking moments may look as proud and self-possessed as he pleases. He may walk proudly, he may sit proudly, he may eat his dinner proudly; he may shave himself with an air of infinite superiority; in a word, he may show himself grand and absurd upon the most trifling occasions. But Sleep plays the petrifying magician. He arrests the proudest lord as well as the humblest clown in the most ridiculous postures: so that if you would draw a grandee from his bed without waking him, no limb-twisting fool in a pantomime should create wilder laughter. The toy with the string between its leg is hardly a posture-master more extravagant. Imagine a despot lifted up to the gaze of his valets, with his eyes shut, his mouth open, his left hand under his right ear, his other twisted and hanging helplessly before him like an idiot's, one knee lifted up and the other leg stretched out, or both knees huddled up together:—what a scarecrow to lodge majestic power in!

But Sleep is kindly even in his tricks; and the poets have treated him with proper reverence. According to the ancient mythologists he had even one of the Graces to wife. He had a thousand sons, of whom the chief were Morpheus, or the Shaper; Icelos, or the Likely; Phantassus, the Fancy; and Phobetor, the terror. His dwelling some writers place in a dull and darkling part of the earth; others, with greater compliment, in heaven; and others, with another kind of propriety, by the sea-shore. There is

a good description of it in Ovid; but in these abstracted tasks of poetry the moderns outvie the ancients; and there is nobody who has built his bower for him so finely as Spenser. Archimago, in the first book of the *Faerie queens* (canto I, st. 39), sends a little spirit down to Morpheus to fetch him a Dream:

*He making speedy way through spersed ayre  
And through the world of waters wide and deepe  
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe  
His dwelling is. There, Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash; and Cynthia still doth steepe  
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,  
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.  
And more to lull him in his slumber soft  
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,  
Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the sounne  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoune.  
No other noise, nor people's troublous cryes,  
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lyes,  
Wrapt in eternall silence, far from eninyes.*

Chaucer has drawn the cave of the same god with greater simplicity; but nothing can have a more deep and sullen effect than his cliffs and cold running waters. It seems as real as an actual solitude, or some quaint old picture in a book of travels in Tartary. He is telling the story of Ceyx and Alcyone in the poem called his Dream. Juno tells a messenger to go to Morpheus and 'bid him creep into the body' of the drowned king, to let his wife know the fatal event by his apparition.

*This messenger took leave, and went.  
 Upon his way; and never he stent  
 Till he came to the dark valley,  
 That stant betweene rockes twey.  
 There never yet grew corne, ne gras.  
 Ne tree, ne nought that aught was.  
 Beast, ne man, ne naught else;  
 Save that there wer a few wells  
 Came running fro the cliffs adowne,  
 That made a deadly sleeping sounne,  
 And runnen downe right by a cave,  
 That was under a rocky grave,  
 Amid the valley, wonder-deepe.  
 There these goddis lay asleepe,  
 Morpheus and Eclympasteire,  
 That was the god of Sleepis heire,  
 That slept and did none other worke.*

Where the credentials of this new son and heir, Eclympasteire, are to be found, we know not ; but he acts very much, it must be allowed, like an heir-presumptive, in sleeping and doing 'none other work.'

We dare not trust ourselves with many quotations upon sleep from the poet; they are so numerous as well as beautiful. We must content ourselves with mentioning that our two most favourite passages are one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, admirable for its contrast to a scene of terrible agony, which it closes; and the other the following address in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, the hero of which is also a sufferer under bodily torment. He is in a chair, slumbering: and these most exquisite lines are gently sung with music :—

*Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose*

*On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud  
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumbers : easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain  
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain:  
Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,  
and kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.*

How earnest and prayer-like are these pauses! How lightly sprinkled, and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy !  
How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion !

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage; most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.



# NOTES



## NOTES

### 'With Brains, Sir'

**John Brown**, (1810—82) Scottish physician and author practised in Edinburgh. His fame rests on two volumes of essays, 'Horae Subsecivae' ('Leisure Hours') and other publications. He wrote both on the equipment and duties of a physician, and on more general matters. His publications were few because he believed that a man should not write 'unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright'.

This essay is an exhortation to the young medical student, but what he says is equally valuable to all who follow an occupation in which skill and common-sense are necessary.

**Page 9. Opie.** John Opie (1761—1807) English historical and portrait painter. At one period in his life he was so assiduous in his painting that Northcote said of him 'Other artists paint to live; Opie lives to paint'.

**Reynolds.** Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723—92) the most distinguished figure in the English School of Painting and the first President of the Royal Academy.

**Page 10. Etty.** William Etty (1787—1849) a Royal Academician who holds a secure place among English painters.

**Apollyon.** The king of the bottomless pit, in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, who tries to prevent Christian reaching his goal.

**Page 11. Wilkie.** Sir David Wilkie (1785—1841) a gifted Scottish artist who in 1833 became painter-in-ordinary to the King.

**Page 12. Quercus robur.** The British Oak.

**Nous.** Greek:—Mind, sense.

**Page 13. Qua medici.** As doctors.

**Bacon.** Francis Bacon (1561—1626) wrote a number of essays, one on knowledge.

**Page 15. Professional system.** The system of professorial lectures, in contrast with the tutorial system of individual supervision. Universities are more and more trying to imitate the example of Oxford and Cambridge where the two methods are combined.

**Emerson.** See Page 166.

**Bulwer.** Bulwer-Lytton, Baronet (1803—1876), English novelist and politician.

**Alison,** Sir Archibald Alison (1792—1867), a Historian.

**Page 16. Shakespeare.** A list of great authors is more interesting as an indication of the tastes of the person who draws up the list than as a contribution to literary judgment. Brown's poetic interests seem limited but his taste in prose writers is Catholic in the extreme.

**Literae humaniores.** Greek and Latin literature, which is less and less studied in the English Public Schools, though the School of *lit. hum.* in Oxford is still popular.

**Page 17. Debris.** Rubbish.

**Winds of doctrine.** Baffling confusion of teaching.  
Ephesians, iv. 14.

**Page 18. Mancus.** Maimed in one hand.

## The Value of Wealth

**John Ruskin** (1819-1900) The son of an affluent wine-merchant and the only child of his parents, John Ruskin grew up under the strict discipline of his mother who intended him to be an Evangelical clergyman. After completing his studies at Oxford, he devoted himself to writing. His first work 'Modern Painters' published in 1843 was concerned with art-criticism. Other works on art followed, the chief of these being 'Stones of Venice' and 'Seven Lamps of Architecture.' Later his interest in social and economic problems was stimulated. The present extract is taken from his book 'Uto This Last' which it may

be mentioned in passing, had a profound influence on Mahatma Gandhi's life and thought.

**Page 20. Polis.** City State.

## The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers

**Charles Lamb** (1775—1834) is probably the most widely loved of English essayists. He lived all his life in London, working as a clerk in the office of the East India Company, and published a great deal. His plays were failures, and his poetry indifferent, but his essays and his letters are undeniably great. More than any other, Lamb could lay *himself* on paper, could take a pen and let it *talk*, with all the inconsequence of subject-matter and informality of sentence-structure, that are the marks of conversation.

In Lamb's day chimneys were kept clean by small boys, who climbed through them with a hand brush.

**Page 25. Nigritude.** Lamb is fond of using quaintly learned words ; *niger*, is Latin for black.

**Chit.** Youngster.

**Fauces Averni.** The mouth of Avernus—an old volcanic crater in Italy, now filled with water.

**Page 26. Macbeth.** Act IV, Sc. 1.

**Kibed.** With chillblains.

**Tester.** From teston, the shilling of Henry VII and Henry VIII, which was debased. By Lamb's time tester was the colloquial term for a six-pence (*cf.* modern slang term for the same coin : tanner).

**Yclept.** Named. From Old English past participle, ge-clep, which became y-clept, and is here used as deliberate archaism.

**Fleet Street.** In London, now the home of the news-paper offices.

**Salopian House.** Salep (Turkish) is a jelly made from the dried tubers of *orchis mascula*. Saloop is simply an altered form particularly applied to a hot drink consisting of powdered salep of Sassafras, with milk and sugar, sold on

London streets early in the morning and late at night. Lamb is here punning on Salopian, as an adjective meaning belonging to Shropshire.

**Page 28. Hammersmith.** The cabbages were taken from the fields of Hammersmith to the famous fruit and vegetable market of Covent Garden.

**Cheapside.** A well-known London Street.

**Page 29. Hogarth.** William, (1679—1764) an English painter whose work is mainly realistic representations of the lower classes.

**A sable cloud.** Milton—*Comus* l. 221.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud,

Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?

**Page 30. Rachel.** The wife of Jacob, in the Old Testament. For a long time she was without children, the effect, she imagined, of the wrath of God. She mourns not, as Lamb's remark would lead us to imagine, at the loss of her children, but because none is born to her.

**Arundel Castle.** A castle in Sussex, part of it dating from the days of Alfred.

**Ascanius.** The son of Aeneas. Varying confused legends exist, in one of which he was specially favoured by Venus, the Goddess of Love.

**Page 31. Incunabula.** Lat. : swaddling clothes, birthplace.

**Bartholomew Fair.** A fair held in West Smithfield, London from 1133 to 1855 on S. Bartholomew's Day (August 24th, old calendar ; and from 1753, September 3rd).

**Wedding garment.** cf. Matthew 22, 2—13.

**Page 32. Rochester.** The Earl of Rochester (1647—80) was a gay courtier-poet, whose irregular behaviour has led to his being regarded as the typical rake.

**Page 33. The Cloth.** The clergy.

**The brush.** The symbol of their occupation which they hoped would replace the laurel wreath as a

crown of glory.

## Lord Cantilupe's Political Faith

**G. Lowes Dickinson** has established his reputation, for some time to come by 'A Modern Symposium.' The piece selected is an amusing expression of the outlook of the old school of Conservative politicians in these days when even the Conservatives talk of radical change and progress.

**Page 37. Toryism.** Reactionary movement in politics.

**Page 38. Darwin.** The author of the 'Origin of Species' in which the theory of evolution by natural selection was first outlined.

**Page 39. First Reform Act,** 1832, when the franchise was greatly extended.

**Page 40. Poor Law Reform,** in 1834, giving more carefully supervised relief to the destitute, and reforming the work-houses.

**Public Health Act.** In 1848 was passed the first Act embracing the whole of the country. Previously Public health had been mainly a matter for local Government, and grave anomalies existed.

**Corn Laws.** Protective measures on corn, which were repealed in 1846 as a result of a potato famine in Ireland which came at the critical moment in the campaign conducted by Cobden and the Anti-Corn-Law League.

## Man's Destiny

**Page 46. Apocalypse.** The revelation of the destruction of earth and the creation of a new order given to S. John. 'And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.' (Rev. XXI, i).

**Page 47. Antoninus Pius.** Roman Emperor, 138—161.

**Bentham.** Jeremy Bentham. (1748—1832). English

philosopher and jurist.

**Page 49. Newton.** Sir Isaac Newton, (1642—1727), who contributed more original thought to physics than any one before Einstein.

**Racine :** (1639—1699) the French dramatist and critic.

**Van Dyck,** (1599—1641) the famous Flemish Painter.

**Bach.** John Sebastian Bach, (1685—1750) German musical composer, who took particular interest in the organ. His supreme greatness is becoming more and more widely recognized.

**S. Francis** of Assisi (1181—1266) one of the most deeply revered of Christian saints, who lived, in literally complete poverty, a life of love for man and beast, and profound devotion to God.

**Page 50. Captain Oates,** accompanied Scott on his voyage to the South Pole, and on the return journey fell sick. Realizing that his illness rendered more unlikely the return of the rest of the party, he walked out of the tent one night to die in the snow, and leave his companions unburdened.

**Arnold Von Winkelried.** A Swiss hero who in the battle of Sempach (1386), when the Swiss could not pierce the ranks of the Austrians, rushed into the enemy ranks and gathered a number of their spears into his breast, thus opening a way for his countrymen, though at the cost of his own life.

## The Soul and God

**Ralph Waldo Emerson** (1803—1882) was descended from pious American stock and was himself inspired by the highest ideals and faith. He was a magical orator, gaining great popularity as a lecturer both in America and Europe. His Essays he began to write a little later and they are marked by richness of thought and association. His method was to leave a subject to 'grow' in his mind, letting illustrations gather round the central theme as it were by their own power. He is not a debater, and

his arguments are the result of flashes of insight rather than logical effort.

**Page 55. Can crowd eternity into an hour.**

cf. William Blake :—Auguries of Innocence,  
To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a Heaven in a wild flower.  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

### **Science and Religion.**

**Julian Huxley**, (1887—) a distinguished student and lecturer in biology and zoology in Oxford and London. He organized the Oxford University expedition to Spitzbergen in 1921 and has written many books, popular and technical, on biology, zoology and general scientific topics.

This lecture was the first of a series delivered over the wireless in England with the general heading, Science and Religion. Representative scientists and divines took part.

**Page 58. Milton.** Ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity. XIX—XXV.

**Page 59. Neo-Platonism.** The name given to the last school of pagan philosophy which grew up mainly among the Greeks of Alexandria from the 3rd century onward.

**Quakerism.** The movement in the Christian Church started by George Fox in the seventeenth century and known officially as the Society of Friends. Its main emphasis is on the nobility of all human beings and the necessity for personal communion with God.

**Page 64. Hebrew Prophets.** Particularly Amos and Hosea.

**Page 65. The Psalmist.** Psalm 51. v. 17.

**The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.** Luke 17. v. 21

**Page 66. The abolition of slavery...due...to soc deas.**

But it was the Society of Friends who first questioned the institution of slavery in England and who presented the first petition for their emancipation to the House of Commons.

Scientists are not always good historians, and because the battle was fought in the political sphere, of necessity, Huxley assumes that religion took no part. Wilberforce, who led the attack, was a man of great and living faith in God.

**Kepler**, Johann (1571—1680) German astronomer.

**Galileo**, (1574—1642) Italian experimental astronomer, the inventor of the telescope.

**Page 67. Freud**, the psychologist, who maintains that the central spring of all human activity is the sex instinct.

**Page 68. Paley**, William (1745—1805), a Cambridge theologian, whose celebrated *View of the Evidence of Christianity* marked a new epoch in theological apologetic.

**Page 74. Tailor and Cutter.** A magazine for the clothing trade. In a criticism of the Academy of 1935, it says, of the portrait of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald :—

‘It is impossible to define his garb : presumably it is a jacket and waistcoat. Equally well it may be gown, sack, or blanket. The colour is light brown; but of form there is none. In short, sartorial fireworks.’

While of Lloyd George’s portrait the criticism is:—

‘The tie is lop-sided. The distinguished artist has taken more trouble to paint a lead pencil and glasses than the habit in which his sitter lives. If Mr. Lloyd George went to a Cabinet meeting as dressed at the Academy, his New Deal would be unceremoniously turned down.’

**Page 78. Relativity.** The theory promulgated by Einstein. The difficulty in the way of ‘religion’ changing its outlook to conform to the New Physics is that ‘religion’ is not a mathematical genius, but a body of ordinary men and women. Few people to-day can claim to a very active faith in relativity. for few people understand it.

### What I Believe

**E. M. Forster** (born 1879) is a novelist and a critic, with a remarkably few books he has gained extraordinarily high reputation. His book

'Passage to India' is widely read in this country. In all his writings he reveals a gentle humanist philosophy. The present essay sums up his opinions and beliefs and they are the reactions of an intelligent and sensitive Englishman at a critical time in the world history when dictators like Hitler and Mussolini were rising to power.

**Page 78. Montaigne:** (1433-92) Celebrated French essayist.

**Erasmus:** (1567-1636) Dutch Scholar and humanist.

**Moses:** The Hebrew law-giver who led the Israelites.

**St. Paul:** The chief apostle of the early christian church.

**Mount Moriah:** In Jerusalem where Solomon built a temple.

**Elysian Fields:** The home of the blessed in Greek mythology.

**'Lord I disbelieve.....etc'**. cf. the words in St. Mark ix,24.

**Page 81. Dante:** (1265-1321). The great Italian poet of the Middle Ages.

**Page 83. Niebelung's Ring:** The Niebelungs are a race of dwarfs or demorice beings in Norse legends. Richard Wagner (1813-83) has written operas based on these legends.

**Walhalla:** a hall in the residence of Odin where dead heroes were received.

**Fafnir:** The dragon who guards the hoards of gold of the Niebelungs, later killed by Sigurd.

**Page 84. Nietzsche:** follower of the German philosopher Nietzsche (1844-1900)

**Wotan:** The greatest of the gods in Norse Mythology where his name is Odin.

**Valkyries:** The warrior-maids of Odin.

**Brunhilde:** The most famous of the Valkyries.

**Page 85. Sophocles:** (495-406 B. C.) one of the three great tragedians of Greece.

**Horace:** (65-8 B. C.) The Roman poet and critic.

**Page 86. Coup d'etat:** Sudden change of government.

**Admiral Toma:** a fictitious name.

**Page 87. Group Movement:** A modern Christian movement started by an American, Dr. Frank Buchman. In England it is known as Oxford group Movement.

**Page 89. Jacopone de Todi:** (1230-1306) a Franciscan Monk.

### **Civilisation and Progress**

**Rabindranath Tagore**, (1861-1941), the great poet philosopher, was oppressed at the sight of misery caused by the Western materialistic philosophy of life, devoid of spiritual values. He was a powerful spokesman of the idealism of the East. The present lecture delivered in China in 1924 is a fine exposition, with a wealth of analogy and illustration of the much vexed question as to what constitutes progress and civilisation.

**Page 93. Lao-tze.** A Chinese philosopher of the 6th Century B. C.

**Mahsud.** The name of a tribe on the North-Western frontier.

**Page 96. Nordic:** belonging to the early Scandanavian races, notorious for their cruelty and ferocity.

### **On Reading Great Poetry**

**Matthew Arnold** (1822—1888), the son of a great Headmaster, became an Inspector of Schools, a poet and a critic. This piece of general criticism was written as the introduction to a collection of English poetry edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward in 1880. The collection, in four volumes, aimed at illustrating the historical development of poetry from Chaucer until Matthew Arnold's own time.

**Page 106. Sainte-Beuve**, French critic of the nineteenth century.

**Page 110. Jupiter**, the God of the Greeks, who ruled over gods and men from Mount Olympus.

**Page 111. Methuselah.** The Old Testament character, who is said to have lived over nine hundred years.

### **An Apology for Idlers**

**Robert Louis Stevenson** (1850—1894) was from the first attached to literature. He deliberately grounded himself in 'style' and from a life of romantic adventure drew material for the most varied work. 'Treasure Island,' 'New Arabian Nights,' 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books,' 'Vailima Letters'—these are all different from each other and yet excellent in their kind. All

his work is charming, with a wide appeal, always graceful, persuasive, harmonious. His romances are the best known part of his work, but his essays and letters are probably more likely to survive. This essay is not his best work, but it is representative of his humanity and gentle humour, expressed in the most graceful and polished English.

**Page 115. Gasconade.** Bragging. Gascons, inhabitants of the North West of France have a reputation for conceit and boasting.

**Page 116. Alexander.** Alexander the Great one day visited Diogenes, the Cynic Philosopher, whose scorn of Alexander's fame irritated the general.

**Rome.** The Gauls invaded Rome, only to find the city fathers sitting peacefully in the Senate House, contemptuous of the military prowess of their barbarian enemies.

**Sent to Coventry.** Ignored by society.

**Lord Macaulay.** As a schoolboy Macaulay displayed exceptional ability.

**Page 117. Lady of Shallott.** In Tennyson's poem of that name a lady lives in a room from which she cannot look out. She may see the events of the world only through a mirror opposite the window.

**Dickens.** the English novelist, and Honore de Balzac, of France, both received their education through work rather than at school. Dickens was apprenticed in a shoe-polish factory, in which his duty was to stick the labels on the tins ; Balzac was sent to school and college, but his later youth was spent in poverty, and all his life he had to struggle to keep alive. The 'favourite School' is therefore the experience of life itself.

**Page 118. Mr. Worldly Wiseman.** In Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* the selfish man who wishes to press his own interests in the world.

**Page 119. Sainte-Beuve,** (1804—69) French Critic.

**Page 121. Belvedere,** Italian. A structure placed in the upper part of a building or in any elevated place from which a good view may be obtained.

**Telling his tale.** Milton, *L. Allegro*.

And every shepherd tells his tale,  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

A 'tale' is the number of sheep, and telling here means counting.

**Page 123. Falstaff.** Shakespeare's adorable drunkard in Henry IV.  
**Barabbas.** The miserly and villainous 'Jew of Malta' in Marlowe's play of that name.

**Northcote.** (1746—1831) English painter who was also desirous of fame in literature, but was disappointed.

**Page 124. The quality of mercy.** Merchant of Venice IV. I, 184,  
The quality of mercy is not strained.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

**Page 125. Forty-seventh proposition,** Of Euclid. In Stevenson's time geometry was learnt directly from Euclid.

**Page 126. Joan of Arc,** (1411—1438). The soldier-girl who led the disheartened French soldiers in triumph against the British. She was later betrayed to the English army and burnt as a witch.

**Sir Thomas Lucy,** (1532—1600) the English Warwickshire Squire who is said to have prosecuted the young Shakespeare for stealing deer from his lands in 1585.

**Atlas,** whom classical legend describes as holding the heavens on his shoulders.

**Pharoah.** The ruler of the Egyptians, to whom the Israelites were enslaved for some time.

### 10,000 Things

Robert Lynd was for some years the literary editor of the 'Daily News' and contributed to periodicals under the pen-name of Y.Y. He

is an essayist of unusual sagacity with a delightful chatty style. '10,000 Things' is a good example of his art.

**Page 130. Haggi:** the tenth in the order of the minor prophets whose writings are preserved in the Old Testament.

**Page 131. Virgil:** (70 B. C.-19 B. C. ) a famous Roman poet and a dominant figure in Latin literature.

**Page 132. Iliad.** World famous epic written by Homer—a principal figure in ancient greek literature.

### On Going a Journey

**William Hazlitt** (1778—1830) was educated for the ministry, but became first a portrait painter and then a critic and essayist. He was one of the most prolific of English writers, contributing to 'the development of criticism by insisting that the first necessity was to enjoy and understand. His Essays are more effective than his critical work, for here his tendency towards irrelevance and allusion were virtues and not vices. His knowledge of English writers was very wide, as the number of quotations even in this Essay shows. Many of them, scattered up and down his work, have never been identified.

**Page 135. Never less alone.** Cf. Swift, Essays on the faculties of mankind. 'A wise man is never less alone than when alone.'

**The fields his study.** Bloomfield, *The Farmer's Boy Spring*.

**A friend in my retreat.** Cowper *Retirement*.

**May Plume her feathers.** Milton, *Comus*.

**Page. 136. Tilbury.** A two-seater light carriage, named after its inventor.

**Sunken Wrack.** Henry V, 1, ii, line 165. Wrack is the Shakespearean spelling of wreck.

**Leave, oh, leave me.** An inaccurate quotation from Gray's *Descent of Odin* :—

Unwilling I my lips unclose.

Leave me, leave me, to repose.

It is strange that Hazlitt failed to notice that his quotation did not scan.

**Very stuff of the conscience.** Othello, i, ii, 1, 2.

**Page 137. Out upon such half-faced fellowship.** I Henry IV, i, iii, 1, 208.

**Mr. Cobbett.** (1769--1835). A farmer's son, who, as a political pamphleteer resisted the advance of commercialism and the spread of large towns.

**Sterne** (1713--68): Humorist and novelist. His most famous work is *Tristram Shandy*.

**Page 138. Give it an understanding.** Hamlet I, ii, 1. 250.

**Pindaric Ode**—Ode with elaborate style of the Latin poet Pindar.

**Far above singing.** Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philasler*: V, v.

**Page 139. All-Foxden**—The home of Wordsworth in the early part of his life.

**That fine madness.** Reminiscence of Drayton's Elegy to my dearly loved friend Henry Reynolds, Esq.

For that fine madness still he did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

**Zephyrus.** The classical name for light breezes.

**Phoebe.** The goddess of the moon, with whom the youth Endymion fell deeply in love, and who rewarded him with her passion. She put him to sleep and laid him on the mountain of Latmos, so that she could enjoy his company undisturbed.

**The Faithful Shepherdess.** A pastoral play by John Fletcher—(1572--1625).

**Page 140. Good thing**—witty conversation.

**To take one's ease.** I Henry, IV, III, iii 1. 92.

**The cups that cheer.** Cowper, the Task, Bk., IV

**Sancho.** Don Quixote. Part II. Ch. XLIX.

Sancho was not at an inn, but was acting as Governor of Barataria.

**Shandean.** *Tristram Shandy* is full of genial wanderings

of meditation.

**Procul, O Procul este profani !** O keep far away, ye profane !

**Page 141. Unhoused free condition.** Othello I, ii, 26.

**Lord of one's self.** Dryden, Epistle to my honoured kinsman.

Promoting concord, and composing strife.

Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with wife.

**Page 142. Witham Common :** in Somerset.

**S. Neot's :** A market town in Huntingdonshire.

**Gribelin :** Simon Gribelin, a French engraver of the 17th century, who once engraved the cartoons of Raphael.

**Westall.** Richard Westall R. A. (1766—1835), drew illustrations for the works of several poets. Hazlitt and posterity have not supported the high opinion of his works held by many of his contemporaries.

**Paul and Virginia :** a romance by Saint-Pierre, a French writer of the eighteenth century.

**Bridgewater.** In his essay 'My First Acquaintance with poets' Hazlitt places the reading of *Paul and Virginia* at Tewkesbury.

**The New Eloise :** by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Rousseau was one of the first writers to dwell on the sublime beauty of mountain scenery.

**Llangollen,** in North Wales.

**Jura.** A block of mountains between the Rhine and the Rhone.

**Bonne bouche.** Anglo-French : a tit-bit; *bouche* was the allowance of victuals made by a king or lord to his retainers.

**My birthday :** April 10th.

**Page 143. Green upland swells.** Coleridge's Ode on the departing year :—

Thy grassy upland's gentle swells.

Echo to the bleat of flocks.

**The valley,** *ibid*:—

My valley's fair as Eden bowers,  
Glitter green with sunny showers.

**The light of common day.** Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality.

At length the Man perceives it die away.  
And fade into the light of common day.

**The beautiful :** Coleridge, *Death of Willenstein* V. 1, 68.

**Page 144. Sir Fopling Flutter.** A chapter in 'The Man of Mode' by Sir George Etherege, a comedy writer of the seventeenth century. The words are not spoken by Sir Fopling Flutter himself.

**Page 146. Stonehenge :** Stone relics of early British warship, still standing on Salisbury Plain.

**The mind is its own place :** Paradise Lost I, 254.

**With glistening spires :** Paradise Lost II 850.

**Bodleian.** The University library.

**Blenheim.** The house presented to the Duke of Marlborough at Woodstock, eight miles from Oxford.

**Cicerone.** A footman. Cicerone is an Italian guide who conducts travellers round places of interest.

**Page 147. Vine-covered hills.** A line from a song by William Roscoe, the Liverpool writer.

**Bourbons.**—The French Royal family. The French, in 1822, the date of this essay, were content under the rule of the Bourbons whom they had once overthrown.

**'Jump.'**—Macbeth I, vii, 7.

'We'ld jump the life to come.'

**Johnson**—in Boswell's life 1778, 'How little does travelling supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled.'

### Dream Journeys

**A. G. Gardiner,** (pen-name—Alpha of the Plough) writes his

essays in a delightful manner reminiscent of Charles Lamb. 'Dream Journeys' is a fanciful yet vivid description of the charm possessed by our wanderings in dreams.

**Page 149. Juan Fernandez:** a group of small islands in the Pacific; Robinson Crusoe's island.

**Pizarro,** (1476-1591) the Spanish conqueror of Peru.

**Mummery,** (1855-95) English mountaineer- He made many ascents in the Alps by new routes. He disappeared near Nanga Parbat in the Himalayas.

**Page 150. Rockies :** The Rocky mountains--the longest and highest mountain system of North America.

**Grand Cayon,** a gorge, roughly a mile deep, 4 to 18 miles wide and 217 miles long in the U.S. A.

**Carisbrooke:** a village in England. It contains the vestiges of a Roman Settlement and the ruins of a castle.

**Thousand Islands:** a group of more than 1500 islands in North America. A popular Summer resort noted for fishing and boating.

**Page 151. Oberland:** The Bernese Alps (Berne---the Capital of Switzerland).

**Coliseum:** the famous amphitheatre in Rome. It could accommodate 50,000 spectators.

**Timgad:** ruined city in Algeria, south of Constantine.

**Heber, Reginald** (1783-1826) English clergyman and hymn writer. He became Bishop of Calcutta in 1823.

**Rotten Row:** track in Hyde Park for horseback riders.

**Kant, Immanuel** (1724-1804). German metaphysician, one of the greatest figures in philosophy.

**Spinoza,** (1632-77) Dutch philosopher.

**Leviathan,** work of Thomas Hobbes, English philosopher. (1588-1679)

**Novum Organum:** a philosophical work by Bacon.

**Page 152. Prescott, William Hickling** (1796-1859). well-known American historian. His style is colourful and vivid.

### A Few Thoughts on Sleep

**Leigh Hunt,** (1784-1850) was educated at Christ's Hospital. He began his literary career with his papers in the 'Examiner' and

later on in the 'Indicator'. As an essayist he is akin to Lamb and his importance lies chiefly in the development of the light miscellaneous essay. His 'Autobiography' reveals his innate sweetness and beauty of character. In the present essay he recounts the blessings of sleep, especially to the tired and the forlorn.

**Page 153. S  ncho:** The Squire of Don-Quixote who accompanied him in his adventures.

**Page 156. Graces:** called charities by the Greeks. The daughters of Zeus, they were the goddesses of beauty or grace.

**'Morpheus or the Shaper....** etc. Three of the sons of Sleep, Morpheus, Icelos or Phobetor and Phantasus send respectively visions of human forms, beasts and inanimate objects.

**Page 157. Ovid,** a Roamn poet.

**Spenser,** (1552-1597). An English poet, author of 'Faerie Queene'.

**Archimago:** The arch-hypocrite who assumes the guise of the Red-Cross knight and deceives Una.

**Tethys:** in mythology, daughter of Earth and Heaven and sister of Ocean.

**Cynthia:** a surname of Artemis or Diana, a Greek goddess.

**Chaucer:** (1340-1400) an English poet known for his work 'Canterbury Tales'.

**Ceyx and Alcyone:** In Greek mythology Halcyone was the wife of Ceyx. Her husband was drowned and Halcyone from grief threw herself into the sea. The gods from compassion changed the pair into Kingfishers.

**Juno:** an Italian goddess, the wife of Zeus or Jupiter.

**Page 158. Philocetes:** a Greek tragedy. Its hero is the king of Malians. On the way to Trojan war he was bitten by a snake and his Companion left him on the desolate island of Lemnos.

**Sophocles:** (495-406) B. C. a Greek tragedian.

**Beaumont and Fletcher:** English dramatists who wrote many plays in collaboration with each other.

**Valentinian:** a tragedy produced between 1610-14. The play deals with the vengeance of Maximus, a General under Valentinian III for the dishonour of his wife Lucina.



